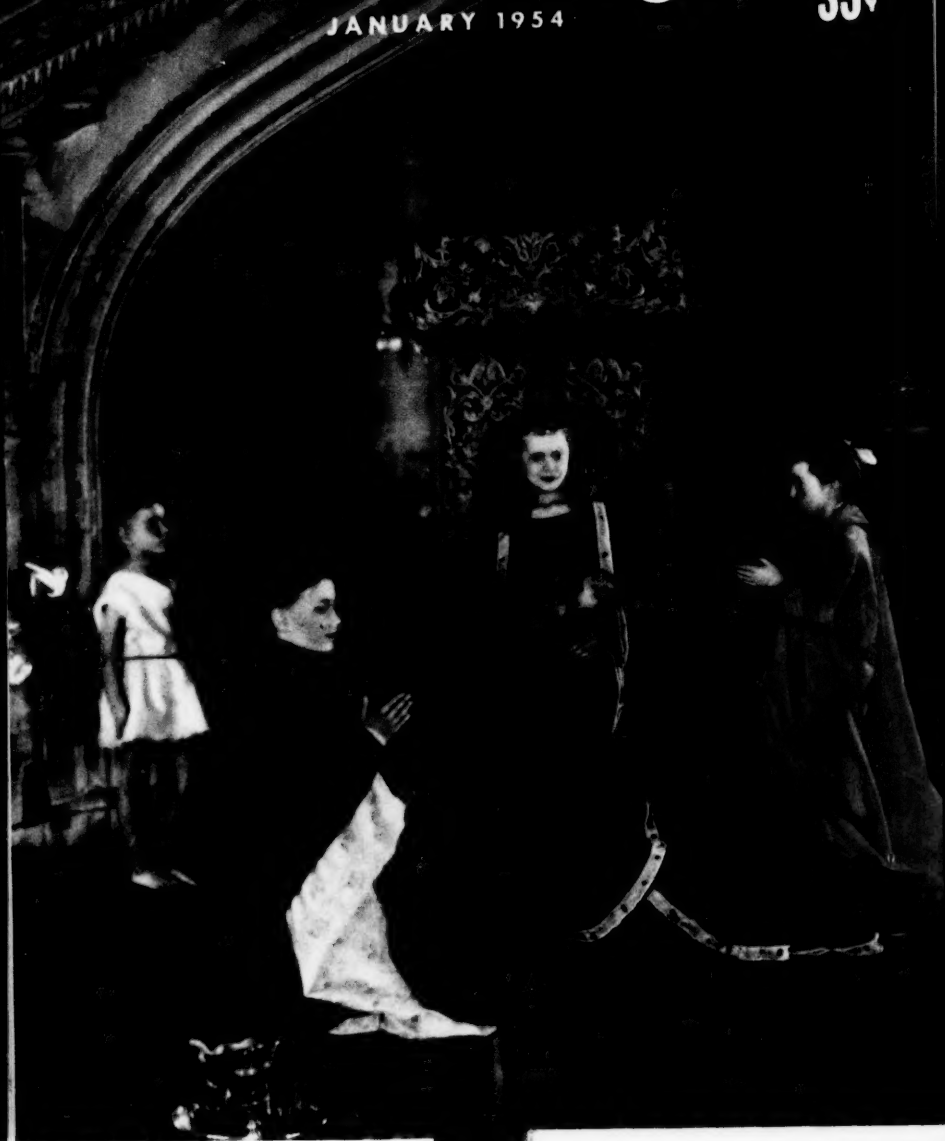


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COVER: Christmas is a children's feast, so children enact this scene from the story of the three wise Kings.

Photo of the French-American magazine, *Réalités*. Photography-Rhys.

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"And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4). This is the argument of *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*. Its contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Unfortunately, this does not mean approval of the "entire source," but only of what is herein published.

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Little Joe, the Wetback

Red tape unsnarls before a Christopher's determined effort

By ELAINE ST. JOHNS

A WIDOW and her seven-year-old son ordered their dinner at the counter of a diner in Los Angeles. Because Mrs. Marnie Nolan worked all day while young Stephen was cared for in day school, the pair often dined out before starting the long drive to their home in Whittier. Part of their ritual was to share the evening paper.

Carefully, Stephen's mother handed the boy his half, the part with the funnies; Stephen, manlike, made a pretense of scanning the headlines. On this particular night last May the little boy's quick eyes, plus the active Christianity of his mother, changed the entire future of a boy they had never met.

"Look, mom," Stephen cried, pointing to a picture. "Sisters! And a boy like me. Read!" Mrs. Nolan read the story of José Rodríguez Toscano.

All over the city, on buses, in living rooms, in hotel lobbies, others were reading that same story. Hundreds of hearts felt a nostalgic tug. Not a few shed tears. But nostalgia and tears were useless to a boy in "Little Joe's" position.

Stephen Nolan was wrong. There

was little resemblance between him and the 15-year-old boy in the picture. Little Joe was a "wetback," a Mexican national who had entered the U.S. illegally three years before; the photograph was made in Georgia street juvenile jail where he was waiting to be returned to Mexico.

Numberless men and boys caught in this shuttle game each year are not newsworthy. Why did the case of Little Joe seem different? Because the spirit which led him to the U.S. was not the usual one of financial gain. Pinioned by the law, Joe said, "I did not come to this country to make dollars. Most people want money, but I wanted to learn."

His record backed that statement.



Joe was 12 when he crossed the border. He was the sixth child among eight brothers and sisters whose widowed mother in Mexico City was hard pressed to care for them. Pesos were scarce and precious, but already Joe had decided on something more precious still, education.

In Mexico, education was hard won. Joe knew this from bitter experience. To go to school one must have shoes. In Zaharia, Michoacan, where Joe was raised, by the time a boy was five he was expected to begin helping to support himself. This Joe did, accepting any odd jobs his strength would meet. But never did he seem able to accumulate enough extra for a pair of shoes.

When Joe was ten, family fortunes improved; his father began trucking produce into Mexico City. Shortly after they moved there, Joe's bare brown toes were respectably covered and his shiny shoes were his passport to the grade school. For a year he studied the rudiments of reading, arithmetic, and grammar, while his mother and father impressed on him the "forever" value of learning. Then, suddenly, his father died. There was no more money and his shoes wore out.

Joe decided to cross into the U. S. "I had heard that there you could even go through college if you would work hard. And that there's plenty opportunity to work," Joe

told his questioners at the jail.

He rode freight trains the long way from Mexico City to Tiajuana, and slipped across the border in a box car. He made his way to Los Angeles determined that the best way to help his mother was to return with the finest education his heart and hand could win. He had no money and was unable to speak English. But Joe's faith in America was staunch enough to keep his dreams sharply defined, and his devotion to Our Lady of Guadalupe sustained him when his very young heart felt lost and motherless. He made friends, who directed him to St. Turibius' parochial school, where the Franciscan nuns spoke his language.

"I lied to them," Joe admitted, resolute but sorrowful. "I told them I had permission to attend school in the U. S. I do not tell them this permission is my own."

Then he set to work learning English, history, spelling, mathematics. He worked as a cook's helper to pay his room, board, and school expenses. Within three years he had completed eight grades at St. Turibius' as an honor student. His graduation day was set. A little money had been put aside for a proper graduation coat. He had applied for entry to Cathedral Latin High school. Then all his careful building toward the future crumbled with one telephone call, an anonymous call which forced reluctant immigration authorities to

take José Toscano into custody awaiting his "voluntary return" to the border.

There was nothing the authorities could do about it. Joe had broken the law, but, as one juvenile officer put it, "We get kids in here who cause all kinds of trouble, and now we have to deport a boy like this who really wants to learn."

His teachers at St. Turibius' were heartsick. With special permission, Sister Agnes and Sister Marie Thérèse came to the jail. They brought a rosary, two medals, and his diploma of graduation from the 8th grade, "with all rights, privileges and honors thereto pertaining." But there were certain "rights and privileges" they couldn't give him. The Sisters wept, and Joe blinked back tears.

The press took up the only weapon they had, printed words designed to touch the heart. An editorial in the Los Angeles *Times* submitted, "Ben Franklin would have backed him. Ben Franklin," they wrote, "would have been on Joe's side, though he was a man strongly in favor of law and order. Immigration laws, we concede, are necessary, and are administered with as much humanity as the letter allows. But Joe seems to us to have risen beyond their scope. Joe saw in the U.S. the essence of this nation which some of us occasionally forget: a place where men (and boys) can by their own efforts improve themselves if they wish to do so.

This, we believe, has brought many more millions of worth-while people here than the prospect of fat living and easy pickings.

"Joe is a national of another country, and technically he is illegally here. But he's one of us all the same. He never asked for any help, but we ought to give him some now."

That was the editorial *We*—but who was to follow it through? A great many agreed that "someone" ought to do something to help Joe. Someone with money. Someone with plenty of time and influence. And with this comforting thought, they could put it aside. But when Marnie Nolan read the story, she couldn't put it aside. She had little money, little time, and less influence. But she was a Christopher, and as a Christopher she had been given something infinitely more valuable, compassion.

Four years before, she read Father James Keller's book *You Can Change the World*. "It started me on a different way of looking at life," she said. "Perhaps because I had just entered my 35th year, and had taken inventory and a bleak look at the future as 40 slowly approached, I began to wonder if I had assumed my 'individual responsibility for the common good of all.' There are so many comfortable ways to ease out of that responsibility."

Marnie Nolan was widowed when her husband was killed in

an auto accident six months before her son was born. Thus, she had to struggle to make a way for herself and Stephen. "I guess I thought I was exempt from doing anything beyond the horizon of my own cares: they seemed so big, and I didn't seem to have anything left over to do with. But dwelling on the Christopher thought changed all that."

Mrs. Nolan found small ways to begin. Herself a secretary, she led a fight to enable Negro legal secretaries to be chartered under the state organization. Later, as public-relations director for the National Association of Legal Secretaries, she managed to find material for their publication that would comfort and help others. But now, as she sat in the diner with the picture of little Joe before her, she set herself her first specific job, "the first time I had ever tried to build a light with my one little match."

She and her son drove to the jail. Actually, she didn't feel brave or noble. She felt, instead, a little foolish. "I expected there would be a lot of people there before me, people a lot better qualified to help. In that case, I meant to go right on home. But I felt that I had to make sure something was being done, that someone was helping the boy."

At the Georgia street juvenile jail she found no one. The girl at the desk could give her no information beyond the fact that, since she was

not a relative, she couldn't see him. Baffled, she went back to her car.

Her next stop was at the Franciscan convent. Surely there would be someone there, probably a lot of people; then she wouldn't even go in. But there was no one. There had been phone calls, said Sister Agnes. Even several offers to adopt the boy. But no one had come. And no one had gone to the jail.

"José wouldn't want to be adopted," the Sisters said. "He is a fine boy, but he has no relatives here, and we just don't know what can be done. All we can do is pray."

To Mrs. Nolan that seemed very necessary. "You pray," she said, "and I'll try to be the hands to your prayers."

Next morning, Mrs. Nolan was back at the juvenile division. Now she must talk to José, get his permission to act for him. The sympathetic juvenile officer, Mike Argiellas, who had first called up the nuns, was off duty. In his place was a brash young man who suggested that, since Mrs. Nolan was not a relative, she might have business of her own to tend.

Undaunted, she went on to the U.S. Department of Immigration, and attempted to see the director. She was told that he was busy and was asked to state her business.

When she said that her business was José Toscano, the secretary looked weary. "Lady, you can't do anything."

But he didn't know that he was

talking to a Christopher, backed by prayer. From her own office, Mrs. Nolan called the U.S. attorney's and spoke with the alien prosecutor. She knew it would be unethical for him to recommend a lawyer but she also knew that time was of the essence. She hoped that little Joe might be kept in the U.S. under bond until he had a hearing. She must get legal advice.

Then she remembered that she was public-relations officer for her association. "I want to know," she said to the prosecutor, "who is one of the toughest lawyers you've opposed in Los Angeles." The answer came promptly. "Phillip Newman." When she called Phillip Newman, Marnie Nolan was careful to explain that she had no money. She told him about her concern for little Joe.

"Mrs. Nolan," said Attorney Newman, "I am sitting here this minute with a newspaper in my lap wondering how I can help that boy without being an 'ambulance chaser.'" In ten minutes Mrs. Nolan was in his office, hopes high. In another ten minutes it looked like the end of the trail for Joe, a dead end. For Attorney Newman quickly found out through the Mexican consul where the boy was. He was back in Mexico somewhere. They were too late.

The staggering fact was that Joe had vanished at the border. Abiding by the unwritten code of the wetback, he had carefully concealed

the whereabouts of his home. Not even the Sisters knew where he would go. Once again prayer was the only lifeline to him. Perhaps he would call Sister Agnes to say that all was well with him. She had asked him to. They waited, helpless, these friends he didn't even know he had.

Then he did call, collect, and the convent could not accept the call. Would that be a rebuff to the hurt, bewildered boy? The Sisters prayed more fervently, and then an announcement was made in each classroom at St. Turibius'. Humanly it was a slim chance, but prayer was powerful. They asked the students to talk with friends, brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers. If anyone could give them José Toscano's address in Mexico City the Sisters would be grateful. No questions would be asked.

At noon that day a slip of paper was placed on the mother superior's desk. The lost sheep was found.

Attorney Newman got in touch with little Joe. Through a law firm in Mexico City the work of assembling the necessary papers began. His mother gave her willing consent. Marnie Nolan signed an affidavit of support. Herbert F. Langdon, district director of immigration at Los Angeles, forwarded the papers to Washington with a personal letter. Then there was silence as little Joe's fate was swallowed by an octopus of red tape.

The end point of all efforts in

Joe's behalf was to get him into school on time, and time was running out. Once again Marnie Nolan took direct action. She wrote a letter to the brother of a neighbor, a neighbor who kept the local store where she traded. The brother's name was Richard M. Nixon, and he is vice president of the U.S. With Nixon's help, little Joe's file went to Senator Thomas H. Kuchel; magically, the red tape unwound itself.

On Aug. 27, 96 days after his reluctant departure as an unwanted alien, José Rodriguez Toscano, now a legal resident of the U.S., returned to Los Angeles by plane to resume the business of learning.

Marnie Nolan's one little candle had illuminated a chain of kindness that was long and strong, each link forged with brotherly love and prayer. It included the vice president of our country; a U.S. senator; a Mr. McGee, of the Farmer's market, where Joe got his old job

back; another Christopher, who underwrote his tuition at Cathedral high; juvenile and immigration officers and newspapermen; Attny. Phillip Newman; and the Sisters of St. Turibius'. Through the press, it brought two neighboring countries to closer understanding.

Little Joe is now living quietly in the farm home at Whittier with Stephen and Mrs. Nolan. "Before now," says he, "at Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter, the boys at school say, 'Hi, Joe, gonna have a big time at home for the holiday?' An' I say, 'Sure, turkey 'n' all. Si.' But that's not true. I got no home, no folks, no anything. No right even to be here. Now it's gonna be different. Uncle Sam and I real friends now, like me an' Mrs. Nolan."

When Mrs. Nolan is asked why, what she "got" out of the energy and hard-earned money she expended for a boy she had never seen, she just smiles.



A Playful Return

THE high-school tennis courts were laid out next to the rectory of St. Andrew's church. Exuberant youngsters occasionally whammed a ball over the fence onto the trim lawns of the rectory. The courts had been in use only a few weeks when a player chasing a stray ball came face to face with a large "No Trespassing" sign on the rectory's front lawn.

The sign came down overnight, however, when the tennis club erected its own sign directly opposite. Their sign read, "Forgive Us Our Trespasses."

Lester Kroepel.

Mystery of Memory

It is a faculty of man who is made in the image and likeness of God

By WEBB GARRISON

Condensed from the
*Marianist**



AN ADOLESCENT BOY hastily scribbles the last page of a musical score. "This is it!" he gloats as he hands the manuscript to his brother. Leopold and Wolfgang Mozart join hands and dance about the room—for the 14-year-old has stolen the most coveted piece of music in Europe.

Gregorio Allegri's *Miserere* is not today regarded as immortal. Written for two choirs, one of four and the other of five voices, it is too long and complicated to be widely popular. Yet, for more than a century, every musician in Europe yearned for the score.

Perhaps that was because it was unobtainable. The music, sung annually during Holy Week in the Sistine chapel, was jealously guarded. Chapel musicians were forbidden to copy the music or to take even one sheet outside the building. Then on Wednesday, April 11, 1770, a stripling walked away with the entire score.

Mozart did it by memorizing the

composition. After a single hearing, he hurried to his room and wrote out the piece. When the story leaked out, religious leaders loaded the impertinent boy with honors rather than punishment.

Naturally, we still regard Mozart's achievement with awe. Far from being unique, however, it is just one of many indications that man himself is more wonderful than anything he can make.

We can count practically anything. We can estimate pretty accurately the number of grains of sand in a truckload, the number of pine needles in 25 acres of forest, and the number of gallons of water in Lake Superior. Sir James Jeans has even estimated the number of electrons in the universe. But no one has ever made a convincing guess as to the capacity of the three-pound human brain.

Every normal person uses memory, yet not even the most learned

*300 College Park Ave., Dayton 9, Ohio. December, 1953. Copyright 1953, and reprinted with permission.

begin to understand it. Courts of justice have such high regard for it that the memory of a single witness may cost a man his life; yet forgetting is so commonplace that we seldom stop to wonder why and how it occurs.

Three great questions constitute the mystery of memory. How much can one's mind hold? How do memories get into our brains and what happens to them there? How much of our mental content is lost through forgetting, and why?

Robert H. Nutt, of Greensboro, N.C., can be introduced to 200 persons in rapid succession, and then walk about among them calling each by name. Toscanini has more than once learned an entire symphony in half a day, and then conducted it without the score. Salo Finkelstein reproduces a number of 16 digits after studying it for a second and a half. A German student memorized 204 figures in 13 minutes.

Such feats are readily recognized as due to memory. Even more significant, however, are accomplishments in which its role is not so obvious.

Memory makes it possible to distinguish and classify impressions which reach us through the senses. Color scientists employed by Du Pont do not consider themselves skilled until they can remember about 100,000 colors and hues. The nose is stimulated by one part vanillin in 10 million parts of air; then

it signals the memory and the odor is recognized. Sound waves produced by the wail of a siren are instantly distinguished from every other remembered stimulus. In the same fashion, memory makes it possible for you to recognize the odor of nutmeg or turpentine, the taste of garlic, the feel of sand between the toes, and the howling of a dog.

You have probably been reading this article at a rate of 300 words a minute or more. This requires remembering each word encountered, then relating its meaning to every other word. That this process rests upon an elaborate structure of 26 different letters plus a system of spacing and punctuation, bothers your memory not at all. Dipping, grasping, sifting, and arranging, you plunge along at 25 letters a second, reading so easily you are not even aware of doing anything astonishing.

Apparently limitless mental capacity is more readily noticed in unfamiliar activities. Chess experts think nothing of it, but the rest of us are staggered by the fact that the first ten moves by each player can be made in more than 169,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 different combinations. Yet in 1941, Gideon Stahlberg played 400 games simultaneously; after a 36-hour battle of memory, he chalked up 364 wins, 14 ties, and only 22 losses.

To play chess blindfolded, it is necessary to remember every move

that has been made and where each piece sits on the board. Sir Walter Parratt created quite a stir some years ago by winning two simultaneous games of blindfold chess while he was playing an organ concert of Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, and Mozart. Veterans of the royal game now regard that performance as elementary. Playing in São Paulo in 1947, the famous Najdorf arranged a blindfold-chess match in which he played 45 games simultaneously. He battled for 23 hours, won 39, drew four, lost two games—and found it easy to remember in sequence every move of each game.

Mental calculators perform their feats through skilled use of specialized memories. Johann Martin Dase, a prodigy of the last century, specialized in mental multiplication. He could determine the product of two eight-figure numbers in less than a minute. In six minutes he could multiply a 20-figure number by another of the same length. In nine hours he completed the stupendous calculations required in multiplying two 100-figure numbers.

Jacques Inaudi, a contemporary of Dase, was almost illiterate. However, he could subtract a 20-figure number from another or take the 5th root of a 12-figure number. He did these calculations in his head. He was actually confused when trying to solve a problem with pencil and paper.

Salo Finkelstein, a contemporary calculator, has been extensively studied by psychologists. Able to add four-place numbers faster than a machine and to recite the value of π to 200 places, he told scientists that he "saw" every number in a problem. Figures which he handled mentally appeared to him as though written on a blackboard, in letters about three inches high. Experts who tested him concluded that he has no special mathematical ability, but notices and remembers numbers just as ordinary folk master the myriad words and phrases in their native language.

Puzzling as is the capacity of the memory, even less is known about its mechanics. Two distinct levels of memory are thought to exist. One, recall, consists of digging up a past impression in the absence of the original stimulus. Though the president's name is not now in your visual field, you have no difficulty in recalling it. Recognition, the other, is the ability to recognize a stimulus you cannot recall. For example, you may not be able to recall the name of that odd person you met last week, but if his name were mentioned, you would recognize it.

Memory also falls into three major types. Usually one type predominates, but the others are absent only in persons born blind or deaf.

Eye-minded individuals tend to remember chiefly in terms of visual images. Thus, Gustave Doré could

actually paint a portrait from memory. If you have strong after-images, you can examine a photograph briefly, then close your eyes and "see" details you did not notice when you looked. Some persons can pick out, one at a time and from memory, letters in a foreign-language notation included in a scene and noticed only incidentally. Jean Rozan, simultaneous interpreter at UN headquarters, explains his peculiar ability as due to "a ticker tape in my mind. It moves past the back of my eyes, and on it are the words I hear. So even if I fall behind on a speech, I can always read back and catch up."

Ear-minded persons tend to remember intensity and tones of sounds. It was this special quality that made it possible for Mozart to make off with the *Miserere*. Many a musician, after a stroll through a busy street, will recall dozens of sounds but fail to remember much that he saw.

Motor-mindedness enables ordinary persons to ride a bicycle after years away from one, and is especially significant to acrobats and dancers. This quality of memory not only makes it possible for us to drive automobiles; it also governs such common activities as standing and walking.

Though these are the major memory types, it is thought that any group of sensory impressions can predominate. Emile Zola was nose-minded, for he remembered

buildings, neighborhoods, and persons in terms of odors. Tea tasters and perfume blenders develop extraordinary memories for taste and fragrance. Though playing a subordinate role, such special memory types contribute significantly to everyday life.

All types and levels of memory are alike in one respect: no one knows how the separate impressions are stored or reproduced. Elizabethan scholars declared the mind to be like a sheet of paper on which marks are produced by sensory impressions. That idea has been exploded. If there are any physical "memory traces" whatever, no technique of modern science has been able to discover them. Current theories of electrical fields actually explain no more than the wax-plate analogy used by the ancients.

Nor is memory localized in the rear third of the brain, as some early anatomists thought. Parts of the brain may be removed without affecting memory, and no one portion of gray matter seems indispensable.

Naturally, ambitious promoters have taken advantage of a subject surrounded by so much mystery. In the 5th century B. C., the Greek Simonides won fame by developing a "memory system." Variations have been produced every generation since. Some of them have brought wealth to their originators. Perhaps the most popular book of

16th-century England was William Fulwood's *Castel of Memorie*, a fat collection of formulas and recipes for "restoryng, augmentyng, and conservyng of the Memorye and Remembraunce."

No memory system has ever had more than passing significance. That is because the human mind is both obstinate and individual. You tend to remember those things which you regard as important, system or no system. If your next-door neighbor is mad about African violets and you collect postage stamps, she will remember a new plant name as readily as you capture the date a new commemorative is to be issued. Yet both of you may complain that you have poor memories because you can't retain violet types and she forgets whose face is on the U.S. 2¢, issue of 1917.

Whether you are a mental calculator, musician, or footwear salesman, your strongest memory pattern always develops in the direction of your major interests. Intense cultivation of one such interest accounts for most feats that we call extraordinary. More than one calculator, in love with numbers but bored with people, is unable to remember the name of the person to whom he was just introduced. And a politician barely able to distinguish between *America* and the *Toreador Song* from *Carmen* may be able to call 50,000 voters by name.

The memory does more than merely reproduce. Little-understood and lightning-fast processes make it possible for the mind to recognize impressions even though they are not identical with any in past experience. One example is reading. Instantly and without effort, you will recognize the word *memory* in such diverse forms as: memory, Memory, MEMORY, or *memory*. Even if it is scrawled in barely legible handwriting or splashed against the sky in smoke, you will remember its meaning though you have never before encountered the word in that particular shape.

Nor is it easy to understand how you can read upside down words with little or no effort in spite of the fact that each word gives you a stimulus that is new in your experience. Seizing shapes which are quite different from the words you ordinarily read, your memory may stumble and falter a bit, but will not be defeated.

This creative factor in memory may be linked with the mysterious phenomenon of forgetting. So much attention has been given to the importance of a good memory that we seldom recognize the value of forgetting. Actually, some scientists think that the brain preserves every stimulus that reaches it. This theory is supported by the fact that a person in hypnotic trance is frequently able to recall details thought lost forever.

Psychologists Stalnaker and Rid-

dle hypnotized adults, and found that they readily recited poetry learned in grade school and "forgotten" for years. Morton Prince hypnotized volunteers and persuaded them to repeat word for word trivial letters written weeks earlier. At the University of Vermont, Robert True found that hypnotized adults had no difficulty in remembering the day of the week on which childhood birthdays and Christmas observances fell.

If there is any physical change in brain cells when something is forgotten, no one has ever been able to detect it. Memories do not appear to fade away. Many psychologists believe that forgetting is not due to loss, but suppression. Suppression is a process that does not eradicate memories, but pushes trivial ones aside in favor of significant ones.

Back in the 4th century, St. Augustine pointed out that a "forgotten" name is seldom really lost; when an incorrect name is suggested, it is immediately discarded. If the right name were not preserved, it would be impossible to recognize others as wrong. After ceasing to struggle for a forgotten name, it frequently emerges into consciousness a bit later, when attention is directed to some other matter.

Study of pathological forgetting was once hailed as the royal road to the understanding of memory. It was soon found, however, that

forgetting has many dimensions. Sigmund Freud had a field day analyzing slips of speech, which take numerous forms. His successors have noted that amnesia has many levels and types. There are cases in which victims remember nothing that happened before some critical event. Other forgetting is highly specialized, as in the case of the scholar who suffered an attack of fever and forgot the letter *f*, and a soldier who lost all memory of the numbers 5 and 7 after an operation.

A Canadian soldier, Douglas Johnson, was creased by a bullet at Dieppe. He remembered every detail of the battle, but forgot how to read.

Spinal meningitis struck 19-year-old Carolyn Bigham in 1950. She recovered, but did not remember how to read, write, or even speak. Brain specialists were pessimistic about her recovery. So a Charlotte, N.C., social worker started re-teaching the girl at kindergarten level. Within three months Carolyn's memory was re-constructed many times faster than it was originally formed. She was again able to take a useful place in community life.

There is no likelihood that this or any other aspect of the mystery of memory will be solved soon. Only one thing is positively known: the human brain is more complex than any imaginable machine. And to explain memory in man you must take into account his soul.

The 'Bad-Marriage' Dilemma

By GERALD VANN, O.P.

Condensed from *Blackfriars**

Father Vann, an English Dominican, made his studies at the Collegio Angelico in Rome. As a theologian, his chief concern has been applying the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas to modern problems, especially in the field of ethics. Among his books are On Being Human, a study of humanism; The Divine Pity, a study of the Beatitudes; Eve and the Gryphon, a study of the vocation of woman; and Morals Makyth Man.

Father Vann's present article deals with a special class of persons: those involved in a canonically invalid marriage who wish to return to the Church but to whom return seems morally impossible. Persons whose marriages can be validated or who are presently considering entering a "bad marriage" can find no consolation in it.

ONE of the great problems of parish priests these days is that of the Catholics who have entered upon marriages which the Church cannot recognize. Many such Catholics find themselves tortured in mind by their separation from the sacraments. They long to return to the Church but see no way of doing so. What is to be done for them?

It is as useless as it is heartless

to say simply that they have only themselves to blame. It is true that they sinned in contracting a marriage which is no marriage at all, and that the Church will receive them back only when they renounce it. But, in practice, to tell them only this may well drive them forever away from the Church. And, in theory, it is bad theology to simplify what is in reality complex, and to refuse to face all the facts of a human situation.

In the first place, the situation may not be simply the result of sin. The "bad marriage" is objectively wrong; but subjectively the action may have been good, or at least, and more probably, have had quite a lot of goodness mixed up in it. Of course, some persons leave the Church with hardly a qualm; with them this article is not concerned. But sometimes the bad marriage is due to a momentary aberration; sometimes to a period of agnosticism or atheism which later on is seen to have been an aberration. Sometimes there is a very human inability to give up the love and happiness involved; and sometimes a simple unwillingness to

*St. Giles, Oxford, England. September, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the English Dominicans, and reprinted with permission.

make the other human being suffer. Even when such tenderness of heart is but one element in a complex of motives it must command sympathy. However misguided objectively speaking, it must surely do much to redeem the situation in the eyes of God.

None the less, some will argue, the situation is a sinful one, and the only right course of action is therefore to give it up. A refusal to do so, they continue, will only show that the lament for the lost sacramental life of the Church is insincere. Far from it: the essential fact we have to face is that the situation is one to which there is no perfect solution.

To continue in it is to sin; but to abandon it may also be to sin. This is most obvious if there are children. They have a right to their parent's love and care, to a home and a family life. But even apart from that, a contract has been entered into, which is none the less a contract although in the eyes of the Church it is not a matrimonial contract. True, there have been moralists who have not shrunk from asserting that a contract which is immoral is therefore invalid, not binding: a supremely abhorrent example of the kind of abstract theorizing which pays no attention to the human realities of a human situation and so falsifies the situation. Contract or no contract, the fact is that one human being has taken upon himself the care and

responsibility for another human being, has profoundly changed another human life, and another human heart; and he cannot now simply shuffle out of his responsibilities or pretend that all this never really happened at all.

You have then, let us say, a marriage which cannot for one reason or another be put right by the Church, and in which the non-Catholic will not agree to abstinence from sexual intercourse: what is the Catholic to do?

The first thing to be made quite clear is surely this: that the situation necessarily precludes full communion in the Church's life but does not necessarily preclude closeness to God. The contrite heart, we know, God will not despise: it is precisely the contrition which brings the soul close to God. But how, it may be asked, can a soul be close to God if the sin continues? To which the answer is: because though the sin does continue, it continues in a deep sense *contre-cœur*, unwillingly. (To be thus unwilling it is not of course necessary that on another level it should not be desired and enjoyed: the only necessity is that, if conditions permitted, it would in fact be foregone.) The situation here is similar to that of the man who is battling, unsuccessfully, against an habitual failing. Though he continues to fail, he grows in the love of God by the very fact of his battling for God's sake.

If you are involved in a bad mar-

riage you can come closer to God only if certain conditions are fulfilled.

The first is constant prayer. The prayer of sorrow, of course; sorrow for having created this situation, and for the continuing evil in it; but also, equally, the prayer of acceptance. The situation is due perhaps to a mixture of motives, good and evil; and now it means for you partly great happiness and joy and partly great unhappiness and sorrow; and the texture of your daily life within the situation will be similarly compounded of good and evil: it is this mixture, this untidiness and muddle, that you must put into God's hands—He will not repudiate it, who takes upon Himself the sins of the world. Then having so begged God to have care of it, and at the same time having accepted it back from His hands in the sense of seeing it as something you must live through as your way, however tortuous, to Him, you may hope to achieve a certain tranquillity of soul: accepting the joy, simply, as it comes to you, but also not trying to evade the sorrow.

Secondly, it is essential not to be led, by the fact of the one continuing infringement of God's law, into thinking it useless to try to keep God's law in general. On the contrary, the attitude must be: since I am failing in this, at least I will make every effort to do God's will in everything else, and to do it

more fully, more perfectly, every day.

Thirdly, the prayer of sorrow must be constantly associated with the thought of God's mercy and with the hope that goes with it.

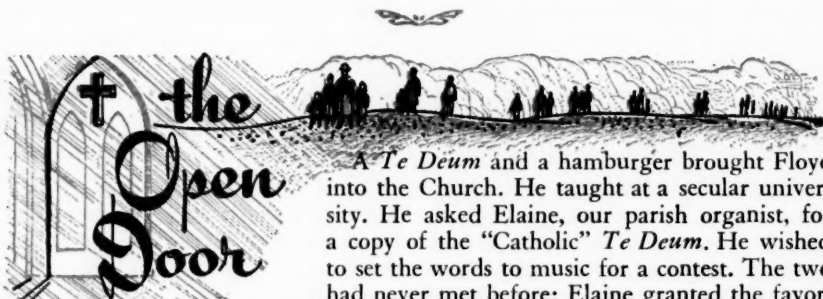
To attempt all this is a formidable undertaking, needing all the help available. And is all help from the Church to be denied? It need not be so; and surely ought not to be so. Anything that will give you a sense of not being wholly cut off from the Church, of not fighting a lone battle, will be invaluable.

To take one instance, the sacrament of penance is unhappily ruled out; but would it not be a great help, in default of it, to go sometimes, preferably regularly, to a priest, and to kneel and pray the prayer of sorrow and receive his blessing? Again, though the sacramental absolution is ruled out, there is no reason why the advice you so often sought in the confessional need be. And while nothing can be done for you which might seem to give approval to the situation, there is every reason for being faithful to the Mass and the other Church services and to prayer.

In this valley of tears it is perhaps only rarely that holiness is fashioned out of the radiance of unspoiled innocence, being more commonly, through God's power and mercy, made out of the darkness, the fumbings, the falls, the tears, the confusions of hearts.

If love covers a multitude of sins it is not in virtue of some sort of divine pretense that the evil is not there, but simply because the evil has, through the power of creative sorrow, become the stuff out of

which the love is made: a love which can only be known to those who, having lost God, come to understand—and therefore to long for with all their hearts—what they have lost.



and then completely dismissed the incident from her mind.

Later, at a hamburger shop, Elaine was introduced to a nice young man. As they talked, she came to realize that this was the same person who had asked for the *Te Deum*. Floyd waxed enthusiastic over the wealth and depth of sacred music, especially Gregorian chant. Further exchanges of ideas revealed mutual interests, likes, and dislikes.

Instructions followed. Floyd was baptized and confirmed, and married Elaine. *Te Deum*, and don't forget the hamburgers!

Sister M. Dominica, Ad.PP.S.



Father Hegge, artillery chaplain in Korea, received a letter from a young lady who wished to enter a convent, but needed \$1,000 to aid her poor family.

Father decided to help her. At Mass, he announced a collection for the future nun, stating that all he wanted was \$1,000.

He received \$1,275. A week later, in the presence of two non-Catholic soldiers, he announced the amount of the surplus, and "would those who contributed please take back what they think is their fair share, and if anyone else took any, he'd better return it or God would never forgive him."

The two non-Catholic GI's visited Father, demanding instructions. Asked he, "Why?" They replied, "Well, we were always taught that Catholic priests were money grabbers and got rich off their parishioners. So when we saw you giving back that money, we were amazed, and here we are. And we mean it."

J. L. A.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]

Glamour Girls of Canada

Schools for happiness produce them

By EVELYN M. BROWN



EVER SINCE I began to work among French Canadians, I had been struck by the feminine charm of their women. They had a kind of beauty that no Hollywood technique could produce; something far more intangible, too, than their inborn flair for chic. It was the kind of thing that attracts and holds the love of men. It prompted Gordon Sinclair, world traveler and journalist, to write an article, *The Most Glamorous Girls Live in Quebec*.

I admired and puzzled over the secret of their appeal. Then I stumbled across the *Schools for Happiness*.

One day last June, I was writing an English letter for my French employer, the superintendent of education. As it referred to a gift of some volumes on French Canada, I carefully checked the pile of books on my desk. One title immediately piqued my curiosity: it was *Les Ecoles de Bonheur* (*The*

Schools for Happiness).

"Colette," I said, "what do you French Canadians call your *Ecoles de Bonheur*?"

She flashed me one of those all-out French smiles. "Family Institutes," she replied.

"You mean those *écoles ménagères* or home-economics

schools? The schools that run on the theory that 'kissin' don't last; cookery do?'"

She laughed. "Yes," she said, "but the old name didn't fit. It was changed recently."

I immediately procured another copy of the same book. Never have I been so captivated by any work on education. Students and teachers came alive in it. The writer talked about his visiting tour as though it were a romantic odyssey, as though each school were a flower with a distinctive perfume of its own: *L'Ecole Joyeuse* (the School of Joy), at St. Irénée, *L'Ecole Joli* (the Pretty School). Of *Joli*, the writer noted: "Everything here is

light and gaiety. Everything in this house seems to have been conceived in joy."

By the end of that afternoon, I had an intense desire to see one of the schools whose graduates are called professional wives.

Françoise, one of the French secretaries at my office in Quebec, had never been inside a Family Institute. She shared my enthusiasm; and we begged a day off to go exploring. The chief administrator, Monsieur Noel, was glad to arrange the visit. One day we received a message that we were to go to Loretteville with him in the company of two Indian nuns, delegates of UNESCO. I was not surprised that people had come all the way from India to investigate the Family Institutes. The schools had attracted educators and social-service workers not only from the other provinces of Canada and the U.S. but from all parts of the world. Visitors have included a cabinet minister from Indo-China; members of the British Ministry of Education; educators from China; and other distinguished visitors from many parts of Europe.

I was looking forward to the novelty of meeting the two Indian nuns. When our car stopped in front of the Parliament buildings, I bounded expectantly into the back seat. There I found a quantity of black serge, with flashes of white starched wimple.

It was hard to contain my sur-

prise. The nuns were as white as I, and spoke French fluently. I looked at the laughter wrinkles around Sister Marie-Adèle's twinkling blue eyes, and thought she'd like to share the joke. "You're a complete disappointment to me, Sisters," I said. "I was looking for two chocolate-brown nuns from India!"

We laughed together. We should have been told "two Belgian educators from the West Indies," but the French for that had led to confusion.

"We have come to study the methods used in these wonderful Family Institutes," they told us. "We want to found similar schools in the West Indies. Of the children born on the island of San Domingo, 80% are illegitimate; there is a crying need for a thorough training in homemaking based on the Christian conception of marriage." She smiled ruefully, "Our only lack is money!"

"Ideas come first," I suggested. "If the dream is big enough, God supplies the rest."

Conversation hummed as we drove out. "Who," they wished to know, "is the creator and moving spirit of the new schools?"

I knew the answer to this myself, now. For a long time I had been familiar with the great Roman head and hearty smile of Msgr. Albert Tessier, whose photo hung in our offices. I knew that he was an educator, and I had

seen some of his own beautiful photographs of young children and flowers. Only recently, however, had I discovered that this versatile priest-psychologist is the man responsible for the Family Institutes. He is the great apostle of the home. As chief visitor of the Family Institutes, he goes from school to school, keeping a paternal eye on the future wives and mothers of French Canada.

We had many questions for Monsieur Noel. Was it true that this type of education had done much to avert maladjustment in marriage? There has never been a divorce or a broken home involving a graduate of one of the institutes.

"What's more," Monsieur Noel told us, laughing, "married women are clamoring for the courses, too. Our postgraduate schools are attended mostly by married women. Women of any age are admitted; some are grandmothers. In Quebec alone 2,000 married women are taking courses in the arts of homemaking. Mothers have seen their awkward little daughters transformed into poised, efficient wives, and they don't want to be beaten! Sometimes you'll even find a mother and daughter in the same classroom."

At last we drew up in front of a three-story building. We were welcomed by the mother directress, and ushered into the parlor of the foyer, or home part, of the school.

Here we were initiated into the sacred mysteries of the Family Institutes.

As we sat in the principal's office, we were pleasantly aware of deep carpets, pastel wallpaper, tasteful paintings, and flowering plants. The principal talked of her work as though it were a priceless legacy. I recalled my own school days, with their heavily loaded program of intellectual studies painfully pursued between four drab walls. They began to look like so many years of service in a penal colony.

I was astonished at the range of subjects. "It seems that they learn everything here from the alphabet of vitamins and flower arrangement to cooking, spinning, weaving, and dressmaking," I said.

She smiled, "We do offer a phenomenal variety, but so do schools in other parts of the world. It's not just an exhaustive training in domestic and technical skills that makes our institutes unique. The real secret of our success lies in the creation of an intensely feminine mentality.

"You see, we work on an innate drive, the sincere and often unconscious or unawakened desire in every girl to be a wife and mother."

"Or," I thought, looking at her peaceful face, "to sublimate those desires and instincts in a spiritual motherhood, to channelize them for God."

Mother superior's words flowed

tranquilly and meditatively. It was more like a fireside chat than a lecture on education. "Our task is not only to direct and intensify her natural aptitudes, but to raise her primordial role of wife and mother to the level of an art or a profession. It takes an atmosphere as well as a philosophy to accomplish this.

"We try to have a completely family atmosphere here. The girls actually live in families all day long. They organize everything, work, prayer, amusements, visits to the poor, in family groups. One girl assumes the position of mother to three or four freshmen. In her final year, she spends a whole week in this suite of furnished rooms. Here she lives apart with her 'children,' taking over all the activities and responsibilities of a real home."

She showed us the other rooms. The bedrooms were simply but attractively furnished with gay curtains, bedspreads, and table runners.

"Practically everything you see is made by the girls themselves," she said, "even the mats and chair covers."

"I imagine only girls of considerable means can come here to study," remarked one of the Sisters.

"Oh! no," she replied. "The fee is only \$30 a month, including tuition and board; besides the ordinary grants, the government gives scholarships generously. Many girls without means can study here. We

never turn away a promising student. A way is always found to keep her."

I inspected the portrait of a handsome young man in uniform. "I suppose," I said, "that this is the prospective husband of a future professional wife?"

Mother superior chuckled. "Not necessarily," she said, "there was another one there about a month ago. There is plenty of male competition for our graduates!"

I stepped into a spotless little kitchen. I was beginning to wonder what kind of rules kept everything in such immaculate order. "How about discipline?" I asked.

"Oh! We find that the fewer rules there are to break, the less the breakage! Things run more or less by themselves in these institutes; that is, we go on the principle of self-government. Lights out, and that kind of thing—we find that the girls live up to the trust we place in them."

"How about the food they use when they are keeping house here?" I asked.

"They go out and shop for provisions just as they would in a real home. Of course, they have to keep strictly within a budget, and that applies to entertaining, too. Budgeting is one of the ways we teach thrift. Then there are model credit unions and cooperatives in every school. It's a short and direct method of learning the dry facts of social economy."

"They'd need it in French Canada," I thought. Families are large in Quebec, even 16 children not being considered extraordinary; I knew of one couple who adopted a child after their 18th and last because they "couldn't bear to see the cradle empty."

We left the foyer and went down a long corridor. Students and teachers were tacking samples of work to the wall for the end of the term exhibit.

There was nothing of the gangling adolescent about these girls. They were happy young extroverts, and answered our questions with charming simplicity. They talked about their work and school life with that air of mingled pride and humility of a fiancée showing off her engagement ring. There was the same touch of radiance, too, that made even the plainer ones attractive.

A pretty dark girl called Lise left the group of workers and constituted herself our guide. Lise took Françoise and me from one remarkable exhibit to another. Many of the items would have done credit to a Paris model. But what impressed me most of all was the perfection and originality brought to the simplest piece of work. Even the humble hieroglyphics of the sewing class, the *petit point*, the *point de chainette*, and the more common stitches, too, were compiled in a book, and danced like ballerinas across the pages.

Much of the clothing, Lise told us, went to poor families. Often, messages of friendship were pinned to the garments by the donors.

From Lise, we learned a good deal more about these Schools for Happiness. These were no mere courses in domesticity, but a gradual evolution in womanhood involving a thoroughly composite program. In the intermediate schools which follow on after the 7th grade, the ordinary school subjects occupy the larger part of the course of studies. In the superior schools, or Family Institutes, specialization becomes more intensive. Even there such subjects as music appreciation, the mother tongue, and other subjects of general cultural value take their place with the domestic sciences, feminine spirituality, and the psychologies of sex, adolescence, and childhood. The graduates are thus spared that painful transition experienced by so many of my friends who had had a purely academic education. Those friends were continually frustrated in their married life by a sense of the duality of domestic and intellectual matters.

"What," I asked Lise, "do you look forward to as the most exciting part of this education?"

Her face lighted up like a candle. She replied without hesitation, "It's the ten days we spend in an institution for foundlings."

"You mean you go there to study?"

"Yes," she said. "We go in groups to Montreal, and each of us has night and day care of a real live baby. Of course, this is under the supervision of several doctors and nurses. After a few days, they add to our family, and we have two or three other children of varying ages." This opportunity to develop the maternal instinct sometimes leads to the adoption of the practice baby by the student-mother after her marriage.

Upstairs in the dormitories, material possessions were a bare minimum. With few exceptions, the girls slept in cubicles. Each cubicle contained little more than a bed, a cupboard, and a bureau. Beyond the cubicles the entire room was bordered with wash basins, one for each girl.

Every available space was used, so popular are the schools. In one, two students gained admission by agreeing to use as sleeping quarters a nook scarcely larger than their bed. In another, a table and a desk served the double purpose of schoolroom furniture by day and beds by night. Who wouldn't put up with a little inconvenience to become a professional wife? Girls from countries as far away as Cuba, Hawaii, and even South Africa had sought and found a place in the school.

The dining room was obviously set for families, five places here, four there. There was not enough privacy for family gossip, but the

tables were homey. Dishes were done in families, accompanied by folk singing.

We had a taste of the singing and home cooking back in the foyer. Blessed and unexpected hospitality! Smiling girls seemed to appear without being called, bearing plates of delicious food, and hot coffee. A group at the end of the room sang gay French songs, their heads waving to the rhythm like daffodils in a breeze. No one was in the least self-conscious, and no one, I noted, seemed preoccupied first with perfection. They sang spontaneously, for pure fun and entertainment.

Down in a large room equipped with looms, I watched the process of weaving, which fascinated me the more because of my ignorance of it. The rhythmic, almost mesmeristic movement seemed to weave a spell of quietness and calm, reflected in the restful faces of the girls at work. I remembered reading once that some of the greatest mystics of the world had been weavers. Monseigneur Tessier advises his girls: "Learn to meditate now; one day you'll be too busy. Learn, too, to make your work a prayer."

In a room near by we stepped straight into the middle of romance. A young fiancée was arranging her wedding trousseau. She looked like a dainty little Parisienne, with her neatly cropped hair and checked taffeta, and there

was sunshine in her face as she watched our surprise. Each exquisite item, from the wedding dress and hat right down to the bedroom slippers, was done by hand with meticulous care. There was also a layette with a baptismal shawl so impeccably woven that we could scarcely believe it had been done on a hand loom.

"Many of the graduates prepare their entire trousseau, including draperies and curtains for their future homes," explained mother superior.

Françoise edged up to me. "And to think," she sighed, "that I've been wasting all my femininity be-

hind a typewriter in "an office!"

I have never met Monseigneur Tessier personally, yet I met him everywhere that day. His work will bear fruit from generation to generation. Priest and prophet of a new era of happiness and security for women, he has given life to the dry bones of a traditionalist method of education. In his Family Institutes femininity has become a cult, and every domestic task, part of a ritual of love and joy.

We were quiet as we drove away. Françoise and I were a little wistful, wishing we could start all over again in one of the Schools for Happiness.



Christmas . . .

LITTLE BETH was overcome with joy when Christmas netted her the two gifts she wanted most, a wrist watch and a bottle of perfume. All day long, she chattered about them.

Just before the relatives came for Christmas dinner, mother gently admonished her. "Now, dear, everybody knows about your presents and everybody is happy for you. But we mustn't go on talking about them all the time."

So little Beth behaved during most of the meal. When it came time to serve dessert, though, there was a lull in the conversation. Unable to restrain herself any longer, Beth said deliberately, "If anyone hears anything or smells anything, it's me."

Lifelines (Sept. '53).



. . . *Capers*

AN IRATE BUS DRIVER was honking his horn at every car that crossed his path. His passengers were getting annoyed, but nobody said anything until a ten-year-old boy boarded the bus. He stood silent behind the driver for five blocks or so, and then asked loudly, "What else did you get for Christmas?"

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in *Ave Maria* (17 Oct. '53).

Scientists are serious in saying the trip will be made within 50 years



All Aboard for the Moon!

By LYNN POOLE

Condensed from "Your Trip Into Space"

THE PEOPLE who will make the first trip to the moon are walking on this earth right now. Perhaps you are one of them. Thanks to knowledge gained from recent experiments with rockets and high-altitude airplanes, the day when man will conquer space is near at hand. Human beings definitely will fly to the moon within the next 50 years.

Many of the most difficult problems connected with space travel

have already been solved. Quite a few problems still remain. But they are not insurmountable. Even now, in laboratories all over the U.S., scientists are working out possible solutions.

Imagine for a moment that you will be a passenger in the first rocket to travel from the earth to the moon. It is not yet known exactly what your space ship will look like. However, it is fairly certain that its basic design will be similar in principle to the German V-2 rocket bomb which terrorized London during the last year of the 2nd World War. Working with a model of the V-2, American scientists have already fired a double rocket beyond the 120-mile limit of the earth's atmosphere. This rocket, nicknamed the WAC Corporal, was literally two rockets fastened together. As the fuel of the first rocket became exhausted, somewhere near the limit of the earth's atmosphere, the fuel of the second was automatically ignited. The great backward thrust of its exhaust cast off the first rocket, which fell to earth, and the second rocket was on its way, 130 miles beyond the limit of our atmosphere, or 250 miles above the earth.

Your space ship may be a two, three, or even four-stage rocket. No one can yet tell you how heavy, how wide, or how high the ship will be, or how roomy the interior.

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Some scientists say it will measure more than 60 feet across the base. Others say 40 feet. Some say it will be higher than a 30-story building. Others say it will be no higher than 12 stories. Size, weight, height, and other statistics will be settled when fuel, metals, and instruments are decided upon.

But let us suppose that all these problems have been solved, and that your ship is ready for take-off. Months of preliminary training will have prepared you for this flight. Carrying your helmet, you stride to the launching tower. The air is charged with excitement. You and your fellow passengers board the launching-tower elevator and rise to the loading hatch, where you enter and take your seat. As the captain comes aboard, the hatch is securely locked. You strap yourself in your seat.

A warning count is begun. At the count of ten, a switch is thrown, electrically igniting the fuel in the 1st-stage rocket. A cyclone of gas and fire roars from the tail. The detonation sounds for miles around. Like some prehistoric dragon belching smoke and fire, your ship rises from the launching tower. Observers on the ground have only a few seconds to catch sight of your departure. Soon your ship appears as only a gaseous trail feathering across the sky. In one minute you go from a standstill to 5,000 miles an hour. Yet your only sensation of speed comes from the pull of

gravity against your body. There are no outside objects by which to measure your speed, not even a horizon.

For a time, you travel straight up and out. Then, as the fuel of the 1st stage is exhausted and it drops away, the rocket tilts slightly and your course is set for the moon. The fuel of the 2nd stage brings your speed up to 10,000 miles an hour. By the time your 3rd-stage rocket cuts in, you will reach peak speed, 25,000 mph. As you break through the atmospheric barrier, the captain turns the rocket motors off. Now there is no friction, no gravity to hold you back. You continue on your momentum. You have only one rocket stage left. But don't worry; it is enough to bring you back. On the return trip, you will have only the moon's comparatively weak gravitational pull to overcome, and as you near earth, earth's gravity will do the rest.

You glide silently; there is no noise of machinery. You are in constant radio communication with earth. Radar will warn you of the approach of other celestial bodies. By the fifth day of your flight, your ship will encounter the gravitational pull of the moon. This doesn't bother you; it is only $\frac{1}{6}$ as strong as the earth's. As you come close to the surface, the rocket motor in the nose of your ship is started. Its outward thrust allows your ship to come to a gentle, safe landing.

On order, the hatches will be

opened, and sturdy aluminum ladders will be run out. You are dressed in a pressurized suit. You will climb down the side of your ship, and step out onto the surface of the moon.

Sounds fantastic, doesn't it? Fifty years ago, the idea of flying from New York to Paris in a matter of hours would have seemed equally fantastic. Yet today, such flights are commonplace, regularly scheduled.

Every new frontier of the world has been crossed by men of courage who dared to risk the hazards of the unknown to explore uncharted areas and open the way for others to follow. Before you can make your trip into outer space, the frontier will be explored by bold pioneers of today. Astronauts, engineers, doctors, astronomers, and physicists will test the hazards of space travel. Test flights will be made by volunteers trained in mind and body for the rigors of space flight.

Here are some of the dangers you will encounter in space. Some are well known, some are merely suspected. Many of these dangers are all around us now, but we are protected from them by the earth's atmosphere.

Gravity, a force that we find mighty useful on earth, will be the first hazard. At take-off, your space ship will suddenly attain such terrific speed that your body could be crushed. So gravity and acceleration

offer two problems which will have to be solved. But scientists have made encouraging progress toward solving them, while working on problems posed by our Air Force's high-speed fighter planes.

In outer space, there is no oxygen and no air pressure, yet both are vital to your survival. Without oxygen, you would quickly smother, and without air pressure your blood would boil and your body would explode.

On earth, the atmosphere presses 15 pounds of weight against every square inch of your body, exerting a pressure of many hundreds of pounds in all. You don't feel this pressure, because the internal cavities of your body are filled with air that pushes out against the atmospheric pressure and equalizes it.

Large quantities of air are also dissolved in your blood. Removal of atmospheric pressure would cause your blood to come to a boil, and the air in your body's cavities to expand, literally ripping you apart.

So the cabin of your space ship will have to be adequately pressurized and supplied with oxygen to exactly the right degree. Right now, in a number of laboratories across the U.S., scientists are experimenting to determine how little pressure and oxygen will be enough. The results of their research will keep you comfortable and safe within the cabin of your

space ship. Cabins are pressurized now in high-altitude airplanes.

However, if you are to explore the moon, a pressurized cabin won't be enough. You will need to carry something very much like the earth's atmosphere around with you, since the moon's atmosphere is not enough like that of our planet. You will need a space-suit.

A pressurized suit, which almost fulfills requirements for space travel, was recently developed by the U. S. Air Force. It is made of strong material, and fits the body snugly. It is not cumbersome; you can move in it freely and in comparative comfort. A built-in mechanism quickly inflates the suit to provide proper pressure to the human body when air pressure outside sinks below the safety level.

Besides air pressure and oxygen, you will also need food. What you will eat in outer space has not been quite decided by astromedical men. Your space ship will probably carry huge lockers of frozen food. Probably meals will be precooked on earth, then frozen, and stowed aboard. Then they can be unfrozen and heated as you need them. The heating will probably be done by an electronic oven. Such ovens, known as radar ranges, are today being used in the dining cars of many railroads. They can cook a 15-pound turkey in 20 minutes; steak is broiled in one minute.

The meat you will eat will be boneless, because every inch of

bulk, every ounce of weight, must be considered in planning space supplies. Waste products will be chewed up in a garbage-disposal unit and then blown out under pressure through a tube in the side of the ship. Once given propulsion, these waste products will keep on going out and out into space.

Space travel will be worth the trouble. Weather predictions based on data from outer space will be almost infallible. How many times have you read that orchard crops in the U. S. Northwest were ruined by frost; citrus fruits in the Southeast, likewise? Weather predictions from outer space will serve as warnings days and even weeks in advance. Disasters of many kinds can be averted by certain knowledge of weather to come.

Space travel will be a tremendous help to astronomers. Here on a cloudy night the most powerful telescope is of no use. Even on a crystal-clear night, the astronomer's vision is veiled by the earth's atmosphere. Viewing from outer space, scientists will be able to secure true, complete pictures of the planets, stars, and nebulae. We shall know much more about the universe.

For the first time, we shall have an unobstructed view of the sun. There are many exciting and important things yet to be learned about our sun. We know, for instance, that it is in constant eruption. Colossal geysers of gas and

solid material leap from its surface, to heights of 200,000 miles. That mystery may be solved by observers aboard our moon rocket.

Cosmic rays, X rays, and ultra-violet rays can be studied at close range. Scientists may be able to discover how our universe was formed and why it is expanding. We know that its astral bodies are separating, moving away from each other constantly. Scientists want to find out how fast this expansion is, and what effect the change of positions will have on earth. We know so much about science, and recent progress has been so fast, that we sometimes forget the long list of things we don't know.

We will find out, for one thing, whether a world-wide television station can be operated from outer space. Certainly, in one section of

your space ship there will be a television room, equipped for receiving sound and pictures from earth and sending back sound and pictures from our space ship. Later it may be possible to beam TV pictures from a New York studio up to a space station from which the images will be bounced back to receiving stations on the other side of the earth. Such a station could be a world observer; it could track lost aircraft or guide rescue parties to remote mountain-accident scenes. But long before such stations are established, you will have taken that trip to the moon.

Not so long ago, people who suggested the possibility of space travel were scoffed at. Today, among those who talk freely of trips to the moon are scientists of high standing.



Flights of Fancy

The setting sun switched on the twilight.

Brendan Francis

A disgruntled car fuming down the street.

Wayne Bole

Youngsters Christmas-evesdropping.

Anna Faye

Snow bandaged the street lights.

Morris Bishop

Mailbox gulping letters.

Edward F. Murphy

An old dog with tail withdrawn from regular service.

Shirley Garner

Kids depositing laughs in a snow-bank.

J. Ronald Cooke

Snowy streets with cars a-la-mode.

Lucy George

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

The Little World of Giovannino Guareschi

He merrily bombards communism from ground it cannot enter

By KEES VAN HOEK

YOU CAN FIND nearly a column of Guareschi (pronounced Gwareski) listed in the Milan telephone directory. There is only one with the first name of Giovannino (literally: Johnny) and he gives his profession as "journalist."

That's how the most successful writer of recent years continues to style himself. His *Little World of Don Camillo* has been translated into 30 languages since it came out four years ago, and has sold, so far, 7 million copies. Demand for a companion volume, *Don Camillo and His Flock*, recently published, looks equally great, in bookshops as far away as Reykjavik and Madras, Buenos Aires and Tokyo. Two films, both based on the first book, star Fernandel as the famous village priest. They are still roaring box-office successes. Total returns from France indicate that every

Frenchman over 14 must have seen the first film twice; in Paris alone, the second film ran simultaneously in 23 houses.



Even in literature, apparently, nothing succeeds like success. When a Salzburg journalist suggested translating *Don Camillo*, Guareschi thought it a crazy notion. Why, in Italy itself the book had sold only within the strict confines of the region in which the stories are set. But the German sales quickly skyrocketed to 300,000 copies, and released a literary chain reaction: 300,000 copies in Great Britain; 500,000 in the U.S.; 900,000 in France. Astonished by this accolade from New York to Vienna, even the Italians started to buy; they increased sales by another 300,000 copies. And they did that even though no Italian newspaper ever carried a book review, for fear of making propaganda for a rival.

As Guareschi succinctly put it, "Aside from my brother journalists, I have no enemies."

World acclaim has not caused Guareschi to change his opinion of himself. He ridicules the idea of being called poet or author. He remains what he always was, a journalist. The first Don Camillo story was written near Christmas, 1946, for his own paper, *Candido*. Since then, he has continued to write one every week.

Giovannino Guareschi was born 45 years ago in the little and very Red town of Fontanelle amidst the shouting of a May-day demonstration. His people had a farm. His mother was a schoolteacher; his father was interested in mechanical gadgets: he introduced the first motorbike and the first auto into his region. If something went wrong with them, as happened frequently in those early motoring days, his mechanical ability added to his popularity. (To this day, his journalist son's favorite hobby is taking intricate machines apart and putting them together again.) But in the economic crisis of the late 20's his people lost everything—farm, shop, even their beds. Young Giovannino was yanked out of grammar school (where he excelled in the classics), to help earn the family living, successively as a gateman in a sugar factory, electrician, decorator, and census official.

He did not exactly drift into journalism. True child of the argumen-

tative Bassa people, he had started as a youngster his own humorous quarterly *Bazard*. He wrote it himself, illustrated it with his own linoleum-cut drawings, and peddled it himself. It helped him get a job on the *Corriere Emiliana* as a proofreader for \$5 a week. He describes his own subsequent career on that Parma daily as "sports editor and proofreader; then news editor and proofreader; finally editor with a proofreader working for me."

Ten years later he was asked to join *Bertoldo*, a Milan weekly, and on the strength of that he promptly married his Parma sweetheart. *Bertoldo* was a humorous paper, but it never touched politics. Guareschi observes dryly, "In Italy, only the government provided political humor in those years." One day in 1942 when Guareschi got drunk and staggered down the streets roaring insults at Mussolini, he was jailed for a week.

Fortunately, in a sense, he was drafted about this time. He served as a lieutenant in the artillery. After the armistice, when all Italian soldiers in German-occupied Italy were pressed into Mussolini's army, monarchist Guareschi remained loyal to the king, refused service, and was promptly deported to Germany.

When he returned from a Bremen concentration camp in 1945, he had lost nearly half his 200 pounds. He bears no resentment. With a Latin shrug of his shoulders, he comments, "Well, you know, war

is war. Besides," he chuckles, "the meager food was an unexpected blessing, I lost my ulcers."

Back in Milan, Guareschi at once rounded up his old staff from *Bertoldo* (which the fascists had closed down in 1937) and founded *Candido*. Now in its eighth year, it is the leading humorous paper in Italy, with a weekly circulation of over 300,000.

Unlike its predecessor, it thrives on politics. *Candido* is Guareschi. Every week he writes for its 32 11-by-14-inch pages: a Don Camillo page; a page with a chronicle of his own family and their doings; and the lead article and four more features, besides which he draws one front-page cartoon, and does half a dozen smaller ones. Flicking the pages of recent issues, he observed, "It's a good thing that I never properly learned to draw; if I had, it would take me much longer."

How did Don Camillo emerge? Both Don Camillo, the pugnacious priest, and Peppone, the choleric mayor of the Red village, resemble in many ways their creator's own father. But whereas Don Camillo was already thought up before the war, Peppone was not created until 1945, when fascists went over to communism in droves. Other characters he knew also went into the mixture. One was the parish priest on the Swiss border who helped smuggle tobacco to get a playground for his youngsters. Another

rugged character built an electric generator controlled from his rectory cellar, so that he could switch off the town's current if Sunday church attendance fell too low.

The stories are told in simple words, realistic but full of good humor, full-blooded but optimistic. They show a perfect harmony between the author, his characters, and their setting, between theme and style, between gentle humanity and political satire. Don Camillo is the ham-handed village priest who, battling shrewdly for the souls of his peasant flock, outwits the communists with guile and force. Different times need different men, and faced by the Red flood, even priests have to flex their muscles belligerently.

One must realize the political-geographical lay of the land in Italy. Catholicism is still deeply rooted even in districts which vote extreme left. I myself shall never forget a talk I had once with the then communist mayor of Venice. After a while he suddenly looked at his watch and excitedly remarked that he had to hurry away, to be in time for high Mass in St. Mark's, as it was a local feast day. He explained, "If people do not see me there, even the communists will not vote for me any more."

The world acclaim of the Guareschi stories is probably explained by the fact that the most dramatic struggle of our time is that between the Catholic Church and commu-

nism. *The Little World of Don Camillo* reduced that world cleavage to its smallest unit, a village. Guareschi's avowed aim is to win back all those communists who are communists only in name. That's why he doesn't vituperate but jokes. He punctures the party clichés which they have learned by heart; the Red Mayor Peppone always lets his good heart win over his party-book theories. Already there is a party deviation in Italy called Pepponism, the communist who is first a human being and only thereafter a party member; a true communist is a party member first and only. Guareschi's typical good humor and goodness are virtues with which the hard-core communists simply cannot cope.

On first meeting Giovannino Guareschi one gets a jolt. What with his square face, brushed-back hair, ponderous nose, and heavy moustache over a narrow chin, he has in profile a disconcertingly pop-eyed resemblance to his great former foe, Stalin. This likeness he himself caricatures in his signature.

He is a medium-sized, compactly built, barrel-chested man with small feet and small, stubby-fingered hands. His thick jet-black hair has a streak of yellow-white which must be the envy of fashionable ladies. His raven-black handle-bar moustache, the heavy lines of his quizzical eyebrows, and a day's stubble on his swarthy face make him look like a vaudeville pirate,

the more so as he favors red-and-green plaid shirts, open at the neck and with rolled-up sleeves.

When his sanguine temperament asserts itself he flails his chest, his eyes bulge, and his arms make agonized gestures. Suddenly you realize that, far from being choleric, he is really (as his friends have assured you) a gem of good nature. You find his dimpled chin relaxes, and the deep pools of his brown saucer eyes beseech you with all the melancholy of a St. Bernard dog. That happened when he asked me if I knew "the charming Mrs. Cudahy" (of his New York publishers, Pellegrini & Cudahy) and then realized from my puzzled look that I had no clue to his weird-sounding pronunciation.

Guareschi spends three days of the week in his villa-type house in a quiet residential street in Milan, a block away from the huge modern building which houses the publishing firm of Rizzoni, which owns *Candido*. He arrives here every Saturday morning from his place in the country. He begins work by checking up on all the newspapers of the week, before his one and only editorial conference. His two closest collaborators are Minardi, who is the managing editor, and the cartoonist Manzoni. Manzoni's principal weekly contribution, *Mon-danita*, a double-page spread, castigates the mundane excesses of Italy's blue blood and of her merely rich upper 10,000.

Only Minardi and Manzoni—who share the editor's room which Guareschi never uses—sport handlebar moustachios, denied to all other *Candido* staffers.

From his own house Guareschi works nearly uninterruptedly until Monday evening, in one concentrated bustle. A middle-aged maid keeps the house in order; he only occupies a first-floor front room. As study-bedroom, it has to be seen to be believed, since it looks like an apothecary, workbench, dispatch room, and study, all in one. Bicarbonate of soda jostles gluepots; a hammer lies among the colored pencils—nobody could find his way around in the small pigeon-holed wall desk.

A couch stands in a corner. Whenever he wants to think out an article he does it there, making his notes mentally. Once he has his mind clear, he types it clean on his big Olivetti, smoking at the rate of 80 Swiss cigarettes a day. Over his desk hangs an autographed photograph of ex-King Umberto with his son. Family snaps, lurid announcements, and his own paintings cover the walls as far as they are left free by hillocks of files and boxes. And, of course, there are a number of *Tre-narici* drawings. The expression *three nostrils* has become a catch phrase in modern Italy ("Ah, you have three nostrils!") ever since Guareschi began drawing communists with an extra nose, for the hot air they generate.

Guareschi's guiding principle with all his jokes is to reduce communist claims to absurdity.

His theory is that a communist who begins to think for himself cannot long remain a communist. One of his most adroit lines of attack is his series ridiculing blind obedience, which is about the bitterest medicine which the individualistic Italian, toeing the Moscow line, has to swallow. For seven years now Guareschi has peppered Kremlin doctrine with an uninterrupted barrage of glorious ridicule, cartoons, and captions which are recounted in every *trattoria*. Small wonder that when Togliatti, the communist leader in Italy, once denounced Guareschi as worth an entire American army corps in the cold war, one of his devoted followers submitted a plan to liquidate the scribe. The letter leaked out, and *Candido*, with great glee, published it in full.

Guareschi belongs to no political party. He is a good Catholic, a good patriot, and he cherishes freedom, all of which add up to being a sound democrat. He makes no secret of his monarchist leanings, which have a good dose of sentimentality; any republican regime would be too colorless for his taste. He holds de Gasperi in high esteem, and they are personal friends. But his own most typical characteristic is complete honesty with himself as with others, and he has never hesitated to say that he is not al-

together content with the Christian Democrats.

He completes his formidable weekly task in three hectic days. Every Monday night he drives in his favorite Mercedes-Diesel at a steady 60 miles an hour to Roncole. His Oldsmobile, a present of his publisher, is seldom used.

Roncole is a small town between Cremona and Parma, and only a few miles away from his own (and Verdi's) birthplace. Here he built himself a house from the proceeds of *Don Camillo*. He designed it himself, helped build the walls, put in the electricity (though in his living room he uses an oil lamp to remind him of old times), and made or designed all the furniture himself. At home he sleeps a lot; sees and hears, talks and walks. He often walks, in a brown shirt and cloth cap, under the tall poplars lining the flat Emilian fields. There he gets fresh ideas for articles and cartoons. Later, he sorts them out in his head while puttering in his workshop or garage.

Like all Italians, he is a great family man. His wife Margherita is a fine cook and a severe literary critic. His boy Albertino is 12; his daughter Carlotta, at nine, already gives promise of having her father's flair for drawing. Guareschi loves good food and plenty of it, drinks wine only at meals, preferably the regional Lambrusto.

He does not care for city life. He has not been to the Scala opera or

to the theater for years. He loves the simple life in the bosom of his small town, goes to the local "hop," and waltzes with his wife. His farthest journey in recent years was to Paris, for the première of his film. If ever he had a doubt, he is now quite sure that he prefers his own little world. When I asked him if he intended visiting the States, his moustache trembled under his emphatic No!

Controversy has raged around the first Camillo film. An Italian-French effort, it was shot by Julien Duvivier in the small town of Brescello, chosen for its pretty market square and arcaded streets. Guareschi feels that Duvivier, who feared communist wrath, watered it down so much ("with rose water," he says) that the film lacks the quality of the book. Consequently he wrote the script of the second film himself. True enough, the film tends to show that the communist rank and file are not so black as they are made out to be, which is why Guareschi feels that they can be won back to common sense. But Duvivier has evaded the fact that there is a hard core of communism which is wholly evil.

Curiously enough, the communist masses like the film, but the communist bosses do not. When Jacob Malik, then Soviet spokesman at the United Nations, attended a showing on board the *Liberté*, it took him half an hour to realize the real tone of the film; then he

rose and with his staff left the ship's cinema. In Britain, the film was delayed because the scenes showing Christ speaking from the altar cross (the voice symbolizing Don Camillo's conscience) ran afoul of British film-censorship regulations.

Rumor had it for some time that the Vatican was about to give in to pious protests from the faithful of many countries who felt that the film treated sacred matters too familiarly, and for picturing a priest too ready with his fists.

The Italian communist papers joined in that outcry. But their

clumsy attempt misfired completely.

The Church welcomed the weapon of humor to fight bad politics, and was not afraid of an occasional piece of broad poetic license. In fact, when Pope Pius XII received Fernandel in private audience, he surprised the famous French comedian with his professional insight into the latter's role. But then how in common sense could one have expected anything different? Giovannino Guareschi is essentially the case of the Comic versus the Comedies and no opposition is so effective as ridicule.

Hearts Are Trumps

A MRS. HARRIS ran a Toronto boarding house, but not on a very business-like basis. She was always helping persons in need by giving them rooms at reduced rent, and she never objected when her tenants fell behind in their payments.

Years ago she took pity on a young tailor, Francis Garvin, who had just immigrated to Canada, and was having a hard time getting started. She helped him along for several years, and after Garvin found his feet, he stayed on at Mrs. Harris'. He enjoyed the wonderful people who roomed with her, and he made many new friends over her dinner table.

George Hiss was one of these jovial, happy-go-lucky people whom Garvin liked. He had been at Mrs. Harris' for several months, and Garvin suspected that he was being helped along by his generous landlady, for he seemed to have had hard luck.

But Hiss remained gay always. One evening at the dinner table, he announced that he had just purchased a ticket in the Irish Sweepstakes. As a joke, Garvin offered to buy half the chance. Hiss accepted.

The joke paid off. Several days later, the two men found that they had won \$100,000. For her share in bringing them together, and for her generosity in helping them and others, Mrs. Harris was given \$10,000.

Maureen Garvey.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]



Brother Wolf

For 700 years Franciscans have climbed this stony road up the side of Mt. Alvernia in Northern Italy.

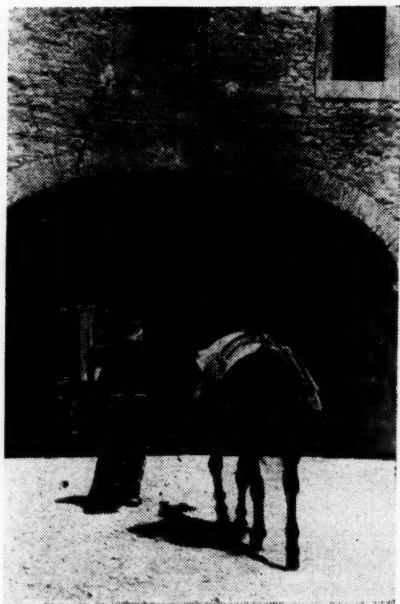
A Brother returns with the monastery mule after a long day spent begging for oil, flour, and grapes. Neither the individual Franciscan nor the Order may own property of any kind.

THIS STORY is a true one, but it is more beautiful than a legend, the kind of legend you hear on a winter night when the family is sitting around the fire.

More than 700 years ago there lived on the Holy Mount Alvernia in Italy a cruel bandit, who called himself the Wolf. This bandit established his headquarters on Alvernia. From there, accompanied by his band of outlaws, he would come down into the surrounding valleys to rob travelers.

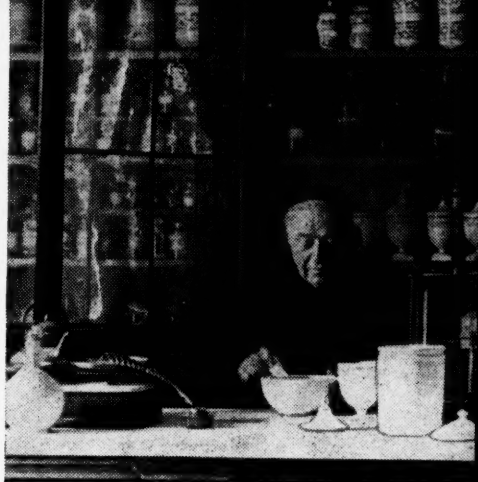
Soon the evil reputation of Mt. Alvernia spread through the countryside. Everyone looked with fear in his heart toward the majestic fir trees which shaded the movements of this outlaw band.

Those few who had succeeded in escaping from him told how he



In 1224 St. Francis received the stigmata near the site of this monastery

would thrust his victims onto a mountain ledge. This ledge could be reached only by walking across wooden planks placed there for this purpose. The planks were withdrawn as soon as the victim reached the ledge. Unfortunate captives who could not pay ransom would either die of hunger, or in desperation



Among ceramics of the 12th century, Brother Achilles has been preparing medicines for almost 50 years.†



The Brother in charge of the cellar pours wine for the Community's next meal.



In the refectory, Fathers and Brothers eat in silence, the superior at the head

might hurl themselves into the gorge below.

This state of affairs lasted a long time. Even the police were helpless because the Wolf was as cunning and difficult to trap as the animal from which he took his nickname.

However, one day the holy father Francis chose this same mountain, Alvernia, as the place to which he would retire each day to meditate on the goodness of God. Immediately the gloomy forest, the fear-inspiring precipices, and the barren,

gray cliffs seemed to take on a new gentleness through their proximity to the lovable character of the saint.

But the Wolf continued to lurk in the darkness of the mountain forest and to pounce mercilessly upon passing caravans. One day, Francis made up his mind to intervene. He began walking in the direction of the bandit's lair, and as he came closer he kept on calling in a loud voice, "Brother Wolf, Brother Wolf!"

The Wolf, surprised, annoyed,

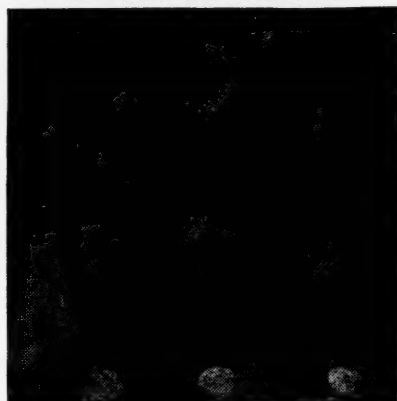


of the table. A Latin text, lettered in gold, is inscribed on the wooden paneling.

and possibly even a bit frightened, remained silent. But Francis continued to call, "Brother Wolf, Brother Wolf!" By this time he was very close to the bandit's hide-out.

The Wolf could remain silent no longer. He strode out of the gloomy forest, and, with all the insolence he could muster, he said, "Who is it that dares call me Brother Wolf? I am the Wolf, and that is enough. I am not the brother of anyone. I have no brothers in this world.

Brothers operate the monastery's flour mill and bake the bread.





Florentine heralds with the city's standard play a trumpet fanfare to signal a special feast-day service.

At the chapel organ console a Brother plays the processional hymn.



"The dagger I carry is my sister, and crime, plunder, hatred, and murder, are my only brothers."

But Francis replied: "No, no, Wolf, do not talk like that. You are my brother and you are also the brother of all other men. The same God who created me, also created you; and the same Christ Jesus died for you, for me, and for all other men. We are all brothers, therefore, in a twofold sense: by reason of our creation and by reason of our redemption. The Blood which flowed from the side of Christ, our God, is able to wash clean your soul, Brother Wolf, if only you would desire it to do so. And why shouldn't you desire it?"

"A life with peace in one's heart is a beautiful life; and this peace can come to you only with the pardon which God will not deny to anyone who really desires it. Your sins are great, but the mercy of God is greater still. Do you not recall how Jesus promised paradise to the thief who died close to Him on the cross?"

"Brother Wolf, in the name of Jesus, I promise you that a real peace of heart in this world, and eternal happiness in the next, will be yours, if you come to hate your former evil life, if you call upon God as your Father, and if, renouncing as your only brothers those with whom you were associated until now, you recognize all men as your brothers."

As Francis continued to speak,



In solemn procession the Franciscans move toward the sanctuary.

the Wolf, little by little, felt a lightness entering his heart. This was the first time he had heard anyone speak to him of brotherhood and forgiveness. Even before Francis had finished his words of love, the Wolf was prostrate at his feet, begging God's forgiveness of his sins.

It was in this way, then, that the Wolf came to be called Brother Wolf; and we know that as time went on he became so good, so sincere and honest, that he came to be called Brother Lamb.

The celebrant gives Benediction with the same monstrance which St. Clare used in the 12th century to stop the Saracen attack on Assisi.



Photographers: G. M. Beltrami, K. Cattaneo

Machine-Age Scare

*The new technology will result in
either six-hour days or mass
unemployment*

By WARNER BLOOMBERG, JR.

Condensed from the *Reporter**



THERE's the greatest hunk of machinery you ever saw!" Walt shouted. I could hardly hear him above the noise. Although I had worked in eight different factories and had been through a score of plants, I was unprepared for the fantastic engine we faced in this Gary, Ind., steel mill.

Tremendous towers of steel, showing here and there tiny brilliant flashes from fires within, rose 50 feet above us, as high as many apartment buildings. Walt led me beside the giant, and pointed down. I leaned over and looked into a shaft as deep as the double basements of some department stores. A speeding ribbon of steel about a yard wide flashed from the heights of the superstructure down into the depths of the pit and up again. It was part of some 3,000 feet of continuous sheet steel, rushing endlessly through the various processes, disappearing into one roaring chamber after another, reappearing as

a taut silver gleam here and there between the machine's titanic parts.

Just opposite us, huge electric motors were winding the ribbon into a giant coil that might weigh 12 tons when ready to be hauled away by one of the factory's big fork-lift tractors. It was difficult to see the details at the other end, 300 feet away, where similar but untreated coils were being unwound to feed the machine.

"They call it the continuous annealer," Walt shouted to me above the din. "Only a couple like it in existence. That's the factory of the future, boy!"

Annealing is the controlled heating and cooling of metal to produce a desired ductility, hardness or softness. It is an old process. The craftsman of generations ago would heat an object in his forge fire and cool it by burying it in ashes, gauging temperature and timing by intuition. Modern technology had introduced precision and more automatic controls to the old art even before

*220 E. 42nd St., New York City 17. Sept. 29, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Fortnightly Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

the continuous annealer appeared.

Only six men operate the new machine. Most millworkers seldom worry about the possibility of technological unemployment on a large scale in the years ahead. They have had good jobs, good pay, and plenty of overtime for many years. Until overtime disappeared and some layoffs started late last summer, nobody worried. But now some see that even our growing population has difficulty absorbing the production of our improved machines and the first contributions of the new supermachines. Most of the men have other kinds of gripes about the new machines and methods.

"The company shows no social responsibility when it brings in these new outfits," a local union official complained to me at Philip Murray hall in Gary. "There's little or no attempt to train the older men to take these new jobs. The guy who's given most of his life to the company is watching his job disappear while the kids with plenty from the books but little real experience get in on the gravy. It's getting so your chances of moving down as you get older are as good as your chances of moving up. I don't think there's one of the regular older men from the annealing department on that continuous annealer."

The company's supervisors complain with equal bitterness that they have to tolerate incompetence because strict enforcement of senior-

ity prevents them from using younger men with better educations on the new machines. One thing is certain: every further encroachment of the new technology brings a long battle between union and company over new pay rates, incentives, job descriptions, and assignments of men to the supermachine.

"Of course, they'll always need me," a thin, wiry mechanic told me. "All this new machinery just means more work for maintenance. But I know guys with more know-how in one hand than you'll ever have, guys who started on production when I hired in, and they're back hooking with the cranes. What they know isn't worth anything any more and they're too old to start studying the books. Listen, this thing is just getting started! Some day the only people in this mill will be us mechanics, you electricians, the bright boys who push the buttons, and the fellows who sweep the floors. And the bosses. Don't forget the bosses! They don't seem to be able to invent a machine that can sit in an office all day with its feet on a desk."

He spat and got up to go back to his job. "Even the sweepers ride around on machines now," he added reflectively before he walked away.

Despite the workers' fears, almost all of them like the new work life to which the machines have made a substantial contribution. Even the company time-study experts esti-

mate a little less than six hours' actual working time for most jobs. The other two hours of a normal shift are waste motion, eating, legitimate rest periods, and "socializing." But the managers are optimistic. A good many men work only four or five hours on the night turns. The big bosses aren't wandering around then. In moments of candor both engineers and those skilled workers who understand the new technology agree that sustained efforts by the workers during an eight-hour day could increase production per man by at least a third.

That the company endures this work life with relatively mild protests is not just a consequence of the union's protection of the men. By applying their skills to the new machinery, these "loafers" are turning out products just about as fast as the economy can handle them.

In the "good old days" the factory worker was kept busy at his job all the time, whether for eight, ten, or 12 hours. Very often he could not pause to smoke and had to ask permission to go to the toilet and then might be timed (no more than four minutes). Top management had little concern for the practices of its production-floor supervisors, and work was done by keeping men rather than machines running at top speed. Any slowing of production was open mutiny, and whole crews could be fired at a moment's notice if the foreman

suspected that they were holding back.

Today the slogan is "Take It Easy!" Among the men, that is. (The company slogans have a different orientation.) Don't move too fast, they tell one another, have a smoke, stop for a "coke," bother the foreman about some simple problem, take the tractor to the repair shop, pause for a little conversation. A new production record is being set anyway. Even the operators of the continuously running supermachines have plenty of relaxing moments for smokes, conversation, or a snack from the cafeteria. The men prize this new work life that results from the protection of the union and the production of the machines. It allows them to leave in the evening ready for work or fun at home instead of shaking with exhaustion.

The situation is frustrating for many supervisors. They must maintain their ideology that hard work is necessary for high productivity and yet must tolerate their productive "loafers." One exceptional foreman in a large mill allowed his crew to sleep two hours on the midnight shift. In return they provided him with more production than the other two shifts who were not allowed such long "paid rest periods." The assistant plant superintendent unexplainedly (and unfortunately) wandered into the factory about 4:30 one morning.

He found men sleeping on

benches, drowsing under sheets of cardboard, or napping in sitting positions against their machines. Some were hidden away in dark corners, but he discovered and awakened nine of them. This was not easy in every case, for a recently hired hand failed to recognize as a high-level supervisor the slim little man shaking his shoulder. "Go away!" he muttered and flopped down again, sound asleep.

The assistant superintendent entered the foreman's darkened office and awakened the head of this slumbering shift. "I want this stopped!" he commanded. "Don't ever let it happen again!" But though he had taken down the names and clock numbers of the nine he discovered sleeping, a clear violation of the contract, he did nothing else about it. This may have been in part good industrial diplomacy, but there was also that embarrassing fact: this crew excelled in productivity.

This particular foreman translated the super's orders to his men in this way: "Don't ever let that happen again! From now on, some of you guys keep busy when the others sleep, and sack in where you can't be seen!"

The situation is uncomfortable for many of the men, too. To loaf beyond a certain point offends their self-respect. "I hate a rate buster," one of the most anticompany men I've ever known remarked to me, "but I hate a loafer just as much.

You get paid to do a job and you ought to do it."

Not so long ago the crews of one of Gary's blast furnaces staged a 19-day strike to protest the new high in production goals attached to their incentive-pay scale. Feelings were running high when they were defeated and returned to their jobs. Yet a few days later, the new goals were reached. A delighted supervisor began handing out packs of cigarettes.

Some of the men refused them and others threw theirs into the furnace. After several such rebuffs the superintendent retired to his office. Some months later the men exceeded the new goals and established yet another production record.

Gropingly, the workers have sought to maintain some balance between their desire to produce on the one hand and their fears on the other: fears of being paid less than a fair share of what they produce, of surrendering the control over production that is their one weapon in conflicts with management, of becoming obsolete, of ending up unemployed. "Think your job'll still be around ten years from now?" is a question asked more frequently as they walk past the supermachines.

Their foreboding is based on simple arithmetic. Sometime, probably sooner than we think, this irresistible new technology will manufacture either six-hour days or job-hungry men.

The Bear Who Stopped Forest Fires



*When Smokey got on his knees,
people became more careful
with matches*

By THEODORE S. REPPLIER

Condensed from "America: Miracle at Work"*

ONLY a few months after Pearl Harbor, it became painfully clear that the appetite of the global conflict for raw materials, among them wood, was going to be almost insatiable. Our timber resources faced a terrific drain.

To make matters worse, the U.S. appeared to have an unwitting 5th column who persisted in burning a large share of the country's precious timber. This band of gay saboteurs comprised campfire leavers, careless match-tossers, motorists who ignored the ash tray—patriotic Americans all. In 1942, about 30 million acres of woodland, an area nearly equal in size to the state of New York, were burned to blackened stumps.

A group of worried men in Washington put their finger on a key statistic. Ninety per cent of all forest fires were caused by man. The government turned to the organization then known as the War

Advertising council, later the Advertising council.

The council, composed of representatives of all phases of the advertising industry, is a voluntary, nonprofit business group organized solely to help the country. It puts against each national problem, as it arises, the accumulated experience and advertising know-how of the best minds in the field.

The council formed a "task force" to figure out strategy for the fire-prevention campaign. Russell Z. Eller, of the California Fruit Growers' exchange, was coordinator. Foote, Cone & Belding, Los Angeles, contributed their services as the volunteer advertising agency; and to complete the group, the council assigned two members of its own staff.

Such were the beginnings of a campaign which, over an 11-year period, has helped to make it highly unpopular to set the woods on

*Edited by William D. Patterson and published by Prentice-Hall, 70 5th Ave., New York City 11. Copyright 1953 by the Saturday Review, 25 W. 45th St., New York City 36, and reprinted with permission. 104 pp. \$7.50.

fire. Formerly, the Forest Service rangers could only shrug hopelessly when they caught somebody kindling a blaze in the timber. The sentiment in some parts of the country was such that a jury of his fellow citizens would regard such actions as mere demonstrations of boyish high spirits. They would rule that the pyromaniac should be given back his matches and turned loose. A local boy might burn up a vast acreage of somebody's timber—well, the owners were some well-heeled corporation living in some distant city, and the jury stood with the local man.

Today, the situation is different. So widespread is the understanding of the crime—the risk to human life, the destruction of wild life and of the soil, the effect on watersheds and water supplies—that in most cases a jury of his peers slaps the offender down with a stiff jail sentence.

The reasoning that has brought about this change is simple. It is that every man, woman, and child must be made to realize that he, not the other fellow, may start a forest fire. The surveys showed clearly that Mr. and Mrs. Citizen thought that forest fires were caused by lightning, lumberjacks, woodsmen—anything and everything except themselves. But a great light dawned when city dwellers were made to recall their picnics and drives along woodland roads, when a carelessly thrown

cigarette might have started a holocaust.

Somewhere along the line, down the years, the campaign literally got a bear by the tail. Bears started showing up in the advertising prepared by Foote, Cone & Belding even during the war years. But mostly they were just background bears, not stars. Gradually, however, a definite character began to emerge. He became a chunky, appealing bruin that carried a shovel, always wore a ranger's hat, and bore the name of Smokey. One year he appeared in the advertising in a posture of prayer, imploring people to be careful with fire. Fan mail from all parts of the nation made it clear that Smokey was here to stay. Each successive year saw increasing prominence for this four-legged symbol of fire prevention, and a growing army of Smokey fans.

Alert manufacturers of toys, textiles, and moppet supplies of every conceivable kind began to inquire if they could not use Smokey in their designs. It was obvious that Smokey had commercial value; why not use him to help pay the printing costs of the forest-fire campaign? In jig time, the U. S. Forest Service entered a bill in Congress, making Smokey official property, and permitting licenses for his use to be granted by the Forest Service, the Association of State Foresters, and the Advertising council.

The bill was speedily passed with

cheers and laughter, and Smokey is now a storied character. He is the hero of a popular song, as recorded by Gene Autry, Eddie Arnold, and others; his likeness appears on clothing, toys, and comic books. The cause of forest-fire prevention is thereby being aided, and the royalties that flow in pay an increasing share of the campaign costs.

So, for 11 years, American business, through the Advertising council, has donated advertising space and time to reduce forest fires. Appeals are made regularly during the danger seasons via car cards in buses and streetcars, radio, television, newspaper advertising, and outdoor advertising. Magazine advertisers help the cause with a mention in their own advertising. In all, business contributes somewhere between \$4 and \$6 million

worth of advertising space and time to Smokey's project annually.

And everybody joins in. The forest industries are uniformly conservation minded, and stage an intelligent fire-prevention campaign state by state to supplement the national effort. "Keep America Green," chiefly a forest-industry effort, is persistently and effectively plugged throughout the nation. State foresters also devote thousands of man-hours to the cause.

Here's the result of all this teamwork. In 1942, 210,000 forest fires raged. In 1951, there were 164,000. In 1942, 30 million acres were burned; in 1951, only a third as much. And this despite the fact that traffic through wooded areas increased by 50%.

Forest fires are now a 2nd-class menace. Insects destroy more trees than fire does.



How Your Church Can Raise Money

OUR TOWN of Ellendale, N. D., is small, and Catholics are a minority. However, our Altar society has engaged in a project—that of selling Scotchlite for car bumpers—which is proving a successful way of raising money for our church. Press and radio safety propaganda, together with the cooperation of our local paper, made the job easy.

The tape comes in 50-yard rolls. We cut it into yard-long pieces, rolled them, and fastened them with paper clips. Equipped with the rolls of tape, scissors, and cleaning cloths, we start off in pairs, selling the rolls for \$1 each. We even applied the tape to bumpers and tailgates of trucks and trailers, if desired.

Profit depends upon what kind of a deal can be made for the tape, but should be about 50¢ a car. In one day, five teams of two ladies each worked about four hours, and turned in \$120.

Mrs. J. B. Du Rand.

Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication.

Three Kinds of People

They have to get along together to keep peace in the family

By JOSEPH A. BREIG

Condensed from "*A Halo for Father*"*

HALF of all family misunderstandings, and a good share of all difficulties with children, are caused by the fact that there are three kinds of people. There are Things People, People People, and Idea People.

Every person is to some extent a Things Person, a People Person, and an Idea Person. But each of us is predominantly one or another.

Women, even very young ones, tend to be Things People. I had a sister who was a Things Person. Like most women, like St. Martha in the Gospel, she was concerned about having the house neat and pretty.

I was mainly an Idea Person. I can remember myself as a child lying sprawled in the parlor, reading a book, and being told to move because my sister wanted to run the carpet sweeper.

My childhood comes back to me largely as a period when I resignedly got up from the parlor floor to move to the dining-room floor with my book. Then I moved to

a bedroom floor. Finally I moved back into the parlor. Actually my life was not one continuous process of moving from room to room with my books, but sometimes it seemed so.

To this day, when my sister visits our house, she upsets the orderly disorder of our lives by putting everything in order. She sweeps and dusts until I am driven almost to distraction, and for weeks after she leaves, my wife and I are searching for things which she put away.

Things Persons are concerned with Things. They are neat; they are orderly; they file Things. Now, there is nothing wrong with being a Things Person, as long as you are a saintly Things Person. St. Martha, we must not forget, was a saint. The Things Person must learn to be tolerant of the people who are not Things People, the people whose offices and homes look like something hit by a cyclone. They must cover with their charity the differences between the

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non-Things people and themselves.

What is needed is mutual understanding and mutual good humor. Without these, it is hardly possible for a family to be what a family ought to be.

My father was a People Person. In childhood, I used almost to die with embarrassment over his breezy at-homeness with every stranger he met. I was so shy and sensitive that I used to hide under a bed when anybody visited us.

My father liked people; the more people the better. He was comfortable with anybody. His friendliness and geniality embraced all the human race. He had a booming voice; he carried on conversations in a tone that could be heard from wall to wall; and it didn't matter where he happened to be—whether a restaurant or whatever.

This conspicuousness was agonizing to me. I made few friends, and made those slowly. I have changed since then, but that was the way I was at that time. I felt horrified by my father's hail-fellow-well-metness.

But the point is that Idea People, who live in the world of books and dreams, must learn to understand and to appreciate the People People and the Things People. How else can there be harmony in home and family?

The family is the great training ground for living with this human race that God has made. For God does not normally send the same

kind of husbands to the same kind of wives, nor the same kind of children to either.

What usually happens is that the wife, perhaps, is a Things Person, and the husband, let us say, a People Person. Sometimes the role is reversed. I know homes in which the wife is happiest when the house is filled with visitors and disorder, while the husband is in agonies because the place is not neat.

Then along come the children; and one child will be a Things Child, neat, orderly, and enjoying working with wood or paints and plastics, absorbed for hours in a basement workshop, or with a collection of butterflies or stamps, or something of the sort.

The next child, perhaps, will be almost unaware of the world about him. He will be engrossed in books, or music. He will mope, dreaming. He will step over things instead of putting them away. He will do this almost unconsciously, because he is hardly aware of things.

And another child may be a People Person. He will fill the house with playmates; he will keep the place in an uproar of visitors.

In the family, all three types of persons must learn to get along together. They must acquire sympathy for one another's interests. They must encourage one another.

The family is a small edition of the human race; and the person who can learn to live happily and tolerantly in the family has served

his apprenticeship in the business of getting along with mankind. That is one of the 10,000 advantages of being reared in a large family. The only child, whatever his parents may be able to give him in the way of better clothing, or more expensive schooling, is in the last analysis the handicapped child. The youngster reared with a mob of brothers and sisters is, when all is said and done, the privileged boy or girl.

I know a man, now aged, whose son I once asked with every appearance of solemnity, "Did you ever see the top of your father's desk?"

The son replied, after a moment's thought, that he hadn't.

"Neither has anybody else," I told him.

His father's desk was stacked high with newspapers, magazines, clippings, pamphlets, and whatnot. Occasionally things slid off and fell with a soft plop to the floor. Yet this man could, if you asked him for something, pick up a long shears, insert them into the disorder, and draw out what you wanted.

He was an Idea Person; and he couldn't be bothered filing things. In fact, he was the kind of person who, if he did file something, would never again be able to find it. He could have order only in the midst of apparent disorder.

A story is told of G. K. Chesterton, who was par excellence an Idea Person. When he was serious-

ly ill, a physician arrived to find that his bed had broken under his great weight, and he was lying sagged in the middle, with feet up.

"You must be horribly uncomfortable," exclaimed the doctor.

Chesterton brought his mind back from whatever realm of ideas it was roaming. He shifted his bulk and glanced down at it. "Well," he said, "now that you mention it, I suppose I am."

Idea Persons are hardly aware of things. After all, you can't be entertaining abstract philosophical notions, or dreaming great dreams, if you've got your mind on sweeping.

What we've got to remember is that we don't want to spoil any thinker who may be born into our own family. We want to be as wise, tolerant, patient, and good-humored as Chesterton's parents must have been.

Neither do we want to spoil any Things Person or any People Person who may be born to us. If a boy is a Things Person, there is no sense in trying to make a writer or a musician out of him. He should be allowed and encouraged to develop the talent and the interest that God gave him. If he is a People Person, then the thing to do is to guide him to make good use of his peculiar liking for human beings.

Whatever talents God gave us must be used for His honor and His glory and for the good of our fellow men.

Cottage Schools for the Little Kids

A possible solution to the problem of our overcrowded classrooms

Condensed from *Parade**



FOR 275 lucky six and seven-year-olds in El Paso, Texas, going to school is much like going over to a neighbor's to play. All they have to do is to run across the street or skip down the block to a house very much like their own home.

They're the 1st and 2nd-graders who go to "cottage schools," a unique and daring solution to the classroom-shortage problem which plagues the whole nation.

Dr. Mortimer Brown, El Paso's school superintendent, and his assistant, M. R. Hollenshead, came up with the cottage-school idea in 1951. The purpose then was only to provide a stopgap until regular schools could be built in El Paso's fastest-growing suburban areas. But the cottage schools worked out so well that they may become permanent. And queries have poured into Dr. Brown's office from interested observers as far away as Canada.

Cottage schools look like a cheap way to combat the crisis in school housing. Already, according to the U.S. Office of Education, three out

of every five schoolrooms in America are overcrowded.

You probably wouldn't recognize a cottage school if you saw it unless you were close enough to read its little identifying plaque. For cottage schools are designed, even to such details as foundation planting, screen doors, and venetian blinds, to look exactly like other houses in the neighborhood.

A school-system architect, William G. Wuehrmann, drew ordinary plans for two-bedroom houses, omitting only the walls dividing the bedrooms from the living room. This left 910 square feet of floor space in each for a classroom. Kitchens and baths were provided with all the usual equipment, including bathtubs, stoves, and refrigerators.

The houses were built as two-house units on three ordinary building lots. The middle lot was turned into a playground, surrounded by a wall to keep rambunctious youngsters from spilling over into adjoining private yards. Then the houses were opened for the kids.

*405 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Oct. 11, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Parade Publication, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

El Paso school officials point to the following advantages of cottage schools.

1. They can be built quickly. The four El Paso units were built within 90 days of the letting of the contract.

2. They are comparatively cheap. Each two-house unit cost approximately \$25,750. Dr. Brown points to a cost per pupil of \$429.15, compared to \$801.66 in a newly constructed 21-room elementary school in the same area. One reason: the cost of such things as gymnasiums, which little children don't use, is done away with.

3. The school board won't lose its money. With a few minor changes, such as putting in bedroom walls, the cottage schools can be sold as homes if and when a conventional elementary school is built in the district.

4. They ease the "adjustment" of small children to school life. The children don't feel "institutionalized," says Hollenshead. "The little child is the important one here. It's a much safer environment, too. There are no stairs to fall down, nor are there most of the other so-called 'normal' danger hazards." One 1st-grader points out that "there aren't any 'big kids' to pick on us!"

5. They bring parents closer to the school. "Parents can pop over any time they feel like it, informally," says Hollenshead. "They don't feel as if they have to get dressed

up specially just to go to school. They frequently walk over to talk to the teacher. They even hold meetings in the buildings at night. We didn't anticipate this result, but we're very happy about it. I don't think we've seen anything as successful as this in 25 years."

The cottage schools come under principals of the regular elementary schools. Lunches are trucked from the nearest full-size school and heated up in the cottage-school kitchens.

The biggest problem has been with teachers, who find it difficult to be on constant duty from 8:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. with no relief. They can't turn to the principal for quick decisions, and they feel isolated from other teachers.

But even this has its advantage. "It puts teachers on their mettle," says Hollenshead. "It's the best kind of training. If a teacher doesn't like children and can't get along with them it shows up quickly here. Actually, we pick some of our best teachers for the cottage schools."

There was some initial fretting in El Paso over the effect of cottage schools on real-estate values. But recently a homeowner called the school board to report, "The cottage school near by actually helped me to sell my house."

Mrs. Dolores Hodge, whose seven-year-old daughter, Loreen, goes to a cottage school, says, "My husband and I are very happy with the idea. Last year we had to drive

Loreen to the Hillside school about two miles away. Now she just runs across the street. I think this kind of setup is much better for small children. There is so much more confusion in the large schools. I know that Loreen is much happier than she was at Hillside."

The success of the idea has made El Paso school officials reconsider the whole program of elementary education. "Because of our experience," Hollenshead says, "we are now planning smaller elementary schools." Three new cottage schools are being built.

Dr. Robert W. Eaves, executive secretary of the National Education

association's department of elementary-school principals, reports that some Long Island, N. Y., and California communities have already built special schools for the first three grades.

Nevertheless, says Dr. Eaves, most communities are doing nothing about replacing obsolete structures. Even the 50,000 classrooms built last year and a similar number planned for this year will not keep pace with the boom in school-aged children.

"So the El Paso project is worth considering," Dr. Eaves adds. "We have to find a cheaper way to build adequate schools."



Christmas in the Lost Greenland Colony

SOME 400 years before Columbus discovered America, the Norsemen of Scandinavia planted a colony in Greenland. It flourished for more than 300 years with bishops and priests supplied from the mother country. Then the Black Death ravaged Europe, and created such a shortage of priests that it became impossible to send any more to Greenland.

The lost Greenland colony, before it disappeared from history, lasted more than 100 years without priest or bishop. Every year on Christmas eve the colonists would meet in a Catholic home to celebrate the feast. About 50 years after the last priest had died, a German traveler witnessed this celebration and left us a record of what took place.

When all the visitors were assembled from the far corners of the colony, the venerable head of the house, a feeble, white-haired man, opened a receptacle and took out from it a corporal, a square piece of aged, yellowed linen. With tender reverence, the old man held it up to view.

"My dear brethren," he said feelingly. "On this sacred linen, the last holy Mass was said in this country 50 years ago. I served at that Mass. This cloth is all that remains; on it rested the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Let us kneel down and thank God for the possession of this priceless relic and beg Him to send us a priest again so that we can have the sacred Body and Blood of our Lord."

George Berwanger.



For the Birds



They will come in flocks for a free lunch of sunflower seeds, and when they are hungry enough they will eat peanut butter

By KENNETH D. MORRISON

Condensed from *Popular Gardening**

FEEDING wild birds during winter has become a national pastime. Two million men, women, and children risk pneumonia in every kind of weather to provide their feathered boarders with a balanced diet.

Most people simply throw bread crumbs and table scraps into the back yard. Dyed-in-the-wool bird fans, however, buy elaborate feeding stations costing up to \$75. They argue that though crumbs are quickly covered with snow and ice, a good feeder is serviceable in any weather.

Dozens of companies have been started to meet the demand for bird feeders. A Minnesota engineer quit his job when he found that he could earn as much money making feeding stations. In Connecticut, a woodworker experimented until he developed a lightweight feeder that fastens to windows with suction cups, giving delighted children and adults the sensation that the wild

birds are almost members of the family.

A company in Ohio manufactures an all-glass feeding station; a New Jersey man sells a globular clear plastic feeder that holds five pounds of sunflower seeds at a time. There are "chickadee diners," suet trays, and bored logs that can be filled with peanut butter or fat.

Once the feeder has been bought or made, the problem arises of what food to serve in it. Anyone



*141 E. 44th St., New York City 17. December, 1952. Copyright 1952 by Gardening Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

who claims that birds are fussy has never seen a list of what they have been known to devour. They'll eat mashed potatoes, oranges, sausage, cottage cheese, hominy, and stale cake. Like human beings, birds become less choosy as they get hungrier.

Most caterers to wild birds purchase seed mixtures that can be obtained at hardware, grocery, or seed stores. Such mixtures vary greatly, but often contain about equal parts of sunflower seeds, peanut hearts, hemp, and millet. Because certain birds are especially fond of sunflower seeds, some bird feeders purchase them exclusively. This is usually an expensive choice.

Last winter a New England lady wrote me that a fur-coat fund she had been accumulating for years was disappearing rapidly. She explained that a large flock of evening grosbeaks had descended upon her bird feeding station and quickly eaten all her supply of sunflower seeds.

Not wishing to see birds go hungry, the kind-hearted woman had bought more. Soon she was supplying the voracious birds with 20 pounds of sunflower seeds a day at 30¢ a pound.

Betraying the devotion typical of a seasoned winter bird feeder, the lady concluded that she'd rather have the grosbeaks than a new coat and, besides, the old coat wasn't so frayed after all.

The kindly folk who maintain

feeding stations get used to seeing familiar beaks over and over. Then one day there is a flutter of golden wings and the chickadees, nuthatches, woodpeckers, and others of the old guard find that competition has arrived in the form of hungry evening grosbeaks. These erratic visitants from the Far North are unpredictable. So are the pine grosbeaks, purple finches, and crossbills. They wander southward in certain years. Some winters great numbers may arrive, while in other seasons not one will come.

These northern birds may call for a free lunch every day for weeks on end or they may appear at irregular intervals. When they do show up, be sure to offer them a regular diet of sunflower seeds or they will spurn you for someone more generous.

For many species, peanut butter is a favorite dish; chickadees, for example, usually will take it in preference even to sunflower seeds. Crushed peanuts and peanut hearts are also popular at the feeding station. The hearts, a waste product of processing, can sometimes be purchased cheaply from peanut butter or candy manufacturers. Perhaps some day an inexpensive peanut butter for birds will be put on the market. It will be popular.

Birds crave salt and apparently need a certain amount of it. Salt in bread and peanut butter may account for their popularity at the feeding table.

Another requisite for many birds is grit. It helps to grind and to digest their food. Many thoughtful feeding station operators, therefore, scatter clean sand or fine gravel among the seeds.

By baldly asserting that all this fuss about feeding winter birds is balderdash, an Ohio professor has earned the distinction of being the most unpopular man among bird feeders. He asserts, "There is no virtue in feeding birds, except in satisfaction to the feeder." He goes further, and says that although people get a lot of fun from watching birds at feeding stations, birds are perfectly capable of securing their own food and that it makes them harder if they do so.

This opinion is hotly denounced by bird watchers, who tell of finding birds dead after severe storms and cold spells. They point out that birds can survive almost any extreme of weather if they have enough food to maintain their body temperature.

One thing everyone agrees about is that, once started, bird feeding should be continued without interruption throughout the winter. A large number of birds are attracted to a small area, and many will perish if handouts are stopped.

In the South and Far West it has been found that birds can be lured during winter simply by offering a constant supply of fresh water for drinking and bathing.

Some northern bird fans who don't wish to be accused of any inhospitality have devised a bird gadget to end all gadgets. In sub-freezing temperatures it provides tepid water by means of an electrical unit under the basin. A cable brings current from the house.

One delighted user reported that a hermit thrush bathed, at 12° above zero, in a warm-water gadget he had installed. He did not say whether or not he had provided the thrush with a turkish towel and a hot toddy when it had finished its dip.

BOOKS

SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

147 E. 5TH ST., ST. PAUL 1, MINN.

(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. Boxes, by *Jean Merrill and Ronni Solbert* (Coward-McCann, \$2.50).

Intermediate—9 to 12. The First Catholics, by *Marigold Hunt* (Sheed & Ward, \$2.75).

Boys—12 to 16. Bring on the

Band, by *Lloyd and Juanita Jones* (Westminster Press, \$2.50).

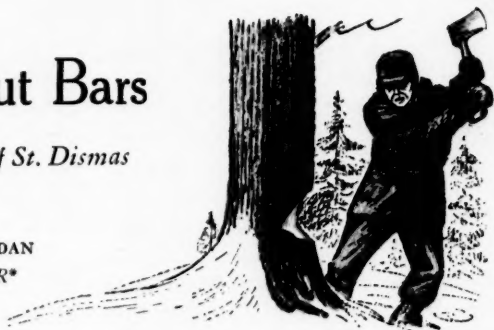
Girls—12 to 16. Golden Conquest, by *Helen Lobdell* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75).

Knowledge Builders. Our Country, America, by *Christie McFall* (Macmillan, \$2.75).

Prisons Without Bars

Michigan takes her clients of St. Dismas to the woods

By P. H. D. SHERIDAN
Condensed from COR*



FATHER LEON CAHILL stood smiling at the door of a little chapel deep in the woods of Northern Michigan. Perhaps 25 or 30 roughly clad men filed out in the open, ready for a big breakfast and a real day's work at a near-by lumbering camp.

This scene might have occurred in any lumbering community where workers attend early Mass. But Father Cahill happens to be the Catholic chaplain of the largest prison in the world, the Southern Michigan prison at Jackson, 300 miles south of the camp, and these men were prisoners working in trusty Conservation camps.

Father Cahill, who in 1952 witnessed one of the most disastrous riots in prison history at Jackson, with property damage of \$2½ million, thinks that such camps should be the prisons of the future.

"When I leave the prison and come up to the camps to hold services," he said, "I can hardly believe these are the same men I knew 'inside' a few months before. That

sullen, dead look is gone from their eyes; they stand straight; the prison slouch disappears. But more important to me is the fact that the counsel and guidance they seek concern plans for the future, not the usual gripes about food and about some guard 'riding' them.

"If we have to have prisons, then certainly they should be constructed along these lines, in small units of not more than 75 or 100 men. Sexual deviates and hopelessly twisted men should be placed in mental hospitals, where they belong."

The idea for Michigan's Corrections-Conservation camps goes back to the 30's, when Circuit Judge Parm C. Gilbert began agitating for an experiment.

"We had a demonstration of the social results of CCC," the judge used to say. "All judges recognize the value of Boy Scout, Four-H, and Catholic Youth organizations in promoting good citizenship. The out-of-doors is a great healer of ailing impulses. I hate to send young men behind bars when, in

*Sacred Heart Monastery, Hales Corners, Wis. January, 1954. Copyright 1954, and reprinted with permission.

a state like Michigan, so much work waits in our forests and parks.

"Let such boys pay their penalty by working with their hands, close to nature at her best. We'll gain twice. Character will be restored in the offenders and more character will be built in the public by the additional facilities for healthy relaxation which are created."

In Michigan the Conservation department is of unusual importance. It is responsible for 60 state parks and forests, 4.4 million acres of them. Those acres, besides yielding valuable wood, are open to hunting, fishing, and other recreational uses. The department is charged, also, with maintaining stocks of game and fish for its own folks and paying guests, who are numerous enough to make the tourist industry Michigan's second largest commercial asset.

P. J. Hoffmaster, director of conservation, took up Judge Gilbert's idea and got down to brass tacks with the Corrections department. Sure, said Corrections, our prisons are jammed to capacity; if Conservation will furnish work plans, material, and equipment, we will furnish the labor and its supervision.

Said Seymour J. Gilman, director of the camp program, "In such a venture we can only go as fast as the public will permit. Certain risks are involved, but the men who go to camps are very careful-

ly screened. Sex offenders, men with records of vicious assaults or belligerency, drug peddlers or addicts, are barred. We are convinced that with such screening chances of neighborhood annoyance or disturbance are fewer than from a camp of ordinary laborers. If we can make the public see this, and bring it to realize the amount of work done, we'll have all-out support for the program."

Acceptance of the program by the prisoners has been something to behold. More than 1,200 men are always on the idle list at the big Jackson prison. There simply are not enough jobs to go around, even with 400 men assigned to the kitchen. This idea of fenceless, barless and gunless camps, away from the dreary monotony of prison walls and bars, took on like wildfire.

Moreover, the men gain a feeling of new confidence. They see that they are making a real contribution, providing facilities which might be enjoyed by friends and families outside and which they themselves may some day use.

Prisoners who pioneered the venture went all out to make it function. Although self-discipline is not tolerated, the men have their own methods of bringing the occasional troublemaker around to realize that his actions are endangering the welfare of the whole camp. In prison parlance, they dummy up or chill on him, and there is no weap-

on so effective as group ostracism.

With 37 major prison riots in 18 months, penologists all over the country are watching the Michigan Prison Camp program closely. To begin with, the general population of prisons has changed drastically within the last 20 years. Instead of middle-aged, fairly quiet men who quickly become institutionalized, most prisoners today are in their early 20's, and are as unstable as mercury, but, fortunately may easily be set on the right road.

The state, community, and church must assume the responsibility for the future of these young criminals. Some 2,719 veterans of the 2nd World War and the Korean war constitute almost half of the population of Jackson prison alone. They came back from the wars with disrupted careers and often shattered nerves, and too many of them landed in prison. Even now, not a great deal is being done for them. In Michigan, for instance, the Department of Corrections employs but one full-time psychiatrist for the 9,700 prisoners under its care.

Arthur C. Elmer, chief of the Division of Parks and Recreation, Michigan Conservation department, says this: "The source of labor provided by these camps is invaluable, and cannot be measured in dollars and cents because most of it would not have been possible with the limited budget available to the department. Many times the inmates

have volunteered their services (they are paid 25¢ a day by the Corrections department) for special assignments on emergencies over and beyond their normal work week. It is only because of this inmate labor that we have been able to provide recreation facilities for more than 13 million people."

There are now ten camps in the Michigan conservation program. Three are in the remote wilderness of the Upper Peninsula; and of the seven Lower Peninsula camps, three are in the north-woods area. Beds are available for 751 men, but the screening process has been so rigid that only 650 men have been admitted to the camps.

A reader might well say, "Well, the state is getting a lot of work at low cost, but what of human values? Are the men gaining anything by having worked in the camps?"

I can only say that I, myself, am a prisoner, and have worked in the Michigan Camp program for 18 months. Of the hundreds of men I've seen working in the state parks and forests, only two or three wished to go back to the prison. Nearly all of the prisoners gain weight; they gain hope, and the responsibility and trust placed in them gives them renewed confidence.

Johnny Keen isn't his real name, but it will serve. Johnny grew up around E. 166th St., in New York City. He is only 35 years old, but

has served more than 20 years behind prison bars, with dozens of arrests for gang fights, petty theft, and eventually armed robbery. It was a long time before prison officials agreed to let Johnny go to camp.

It might be too soon to say that Johnny straightened out once and for all while working in the woods. But he puts it this way, "Doc, I was born in the rough gutters of New York. Before I was seven years old, I had to steal, or I went hungry. I never dreamed that up among these big trees and fresh streams that there was such clean, fresh air; that a fellow could actually take his bare hands and earn a real good living and stand up like a man. You couldn't get me to go back to that old life for anything."

One of the men, in for burglary and due before the Parole board, told me, "If a fellow's made a mistake and is paying for it, a job like this is a godsend. Under this kind of custody you can try yourself out and get a line on what you have to watch about yourself when you get the big chance. Are there any other states trying this plan? They should, because there are thousands of guys like me who would gain by it."

The state parole board members

have become aware that prisoners who work out in the camps are better risks, have a better attitude toward society. Fourteen men recently appeared before the Parole board from Camp Brighton. All received paroles, whereas the average for "inside" prisoners is about 50%. Prisoners who have been in the camp program do much better on parole and fewer are returned for violation.

L. N. "Casey" Jones, veteran assistant chief of the Parks and Recreation division, summed up the general feeling of those who have watched the men at work. "Statistics are often boring and misleading. A recital of the number of trees planted, number of tables built, and the acres of grass mowed would not appreciably help the reader visualize the value of the program.

"Men from all walks of life, with many different skills and abilities, find their way into the camps. We in the Conservation department know that every dollar invested returns several dollars in improved service and in rehabilitation of prisoners.

"When the time comes for his release, each of these prison inmates will have truly earned the right to mark his bill to society, 'Paid in Full.'"

The less a narrow-necked bottle and a narrow-minded man have inside them, the more noise they make pouring it out.

Weekly Progress (16 Oct '53).

The Louisiana Purchase was

America's Biggest Bargain

By CHARLES NUTTER

Condensed from *Américas**

AN ACCIDENT of history, on Dec. 20, 150 years ago, resulted in perhaps the biggest, strangest real-estate bargain of all times: the Louisiana purchase. It was quite unforeseen a month before it was consummated. Yet it was the third most significant event in the annals of the U. S., ranking just after the Declaration of Independence and the framing of the Constitution.

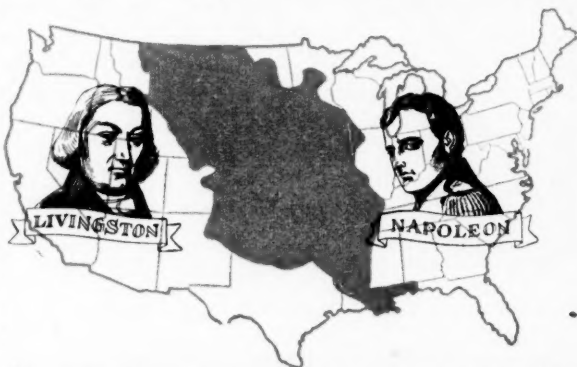
The purchase brought to the struggling young republic an additional land and water area of 529,911,680 acres, all or parts of 17 states, at 4¢ an acre. The total price was \$15 million (interest payments raised the figure to \$27,267,622).

Besides doubling the country's size, this diplomatic triumph multiplied its power and wealth many times. It opened up a vast territory for new settlement. It contributed to the decline of the colonial system, thus clearing the way for the Monroe Doctrine. Ulti-

mately, it was perhaps the most decisive factor in establishing the U. S. as a world power.

The original Louisiana consisted of the territory drained by the Mississippi river and all its tributaries, approximately two thirds of the present U. S. After early Spanish and French explorers had visited it, France laid claim to it in 1682, naming it in honor of King Louis XIV. Its boundaries were never clearly defined, even at the time of the purchase, and it was a constant financial headache.

By 1800, Louisiana had become a pawn of European politics, little appreciated and poorly settled. It



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was of small practical value to the French and Spanish governments, which passed it back and forth according to the whims of their rulers. France ceded it in 1762 to Spain, which occupied New Orleans but did little else to develop the territory.

A treaty with Spain in 1795 gave the U. S. freedom of navigation on the Mississippi and the right of deposit at New Orleans. Under the treaty, U. S. traders carried on a flourishing transshipment business essential to settlement of the western section of the 13 states.

In 1800, Louisiana suddenly fitted into Napoleon's plans. He pressured the Spanish, who were in no position to refuse, into turning it back to him. This development caused grave concern in the U. S. President Jefferson instructed the U. S. Minister to France, Robert R. Livingston, to try to prevent retrocession. Failing that, he was to try to buy at least West Florida, and if possible New Orleans, to protect U. S. commerce on the Mississippi.

In Paris, Livingston started his negotiations by lightly suggesting to Talleyrand, Napoleon's foreign minister, to cede Louisiana to the U. S. This, he said, would satisfy certain claims of U. S. merchants for damage done by French cruisers. He followed up with a more serious demand that France should pledge observance of the Spanish concession regarding Mississippi trade. Napoleon readily assented.

In the midst of the negotiations, the Spanish intendant in New Orleans suspended the deposit rights (which had been guaranteed for only three years).

His action enraged the West, and incited talk of war. Congress spent weeks discussing an appropriation of \$5 million and raising an army to move on New Orleans. "We must know at once whether we can acquire New Orleans or not," Jefferson thundered. "We are satisfied nothing else will secure us against a war. The future destinies of our country hang on the event of this negotiation." The U. S. would have settled for the permanent right of joint use of New Orleans as a port.

Not for nothing, however, had Thomas Jefferson chosen Robert Livingston as his representative in France. Member of a distinguished U. S. family—the Livingstons of Livingston Manor, a 300,000-acre estate in Dutchess and Columbia counties, New York—he was called "the wisest man of his day" by the President. He had accepted the post of minister to France because he wanted to learn, for the benefit of the U. S., improved scientific farming methods used there.

To his new job he brought experience as one of the five men who drafted the Constitution and helped to frame the Declaration of Independence. He had also been chancellor of New York State and had sworn in George Washington

as the first President. He had organized the U.S. Department of State and served as the first secretary; established many intellectual organizations; financed Robert Fulton in perfecting the steamboat.

April, 1803, rolled around, and Napoleon added up the score. To news that Haiti was irretrievably lost was added a report that the British were outfitting an expedition in London to seize Louisiana. Now Napoleon faced immediate war with England. He was well aware that protection of distant American colonies without great naval forces was impossible. He desperately needed money, too. Some of his ministers, probably influenced by Livingston, were earnestly trying to change his mind about the retrocession.

April 10, 1803, was Easter Sunday. Napoleon was at St. Cloud, where he had summoned the Marquis François Barbe-Marbois and the Duc Denis Decres, his ministers of finance and of navy and colonies. Napoleon told them, "I am fully sensible of the value of Louisiana, and it was my desire to repair the error of the French diplomats who abandoned it in 1762. I have scarcely received it before I run the risk of losing it; but if I am obliged to give it up, it shall hereafter cost those who force me to part with it more than those to whom I yield it.

"The English have successfully taken Canada, Cape Breton, New-

foundland, Nova Scotia, and the richest portions of Asia from France. They are engaged in inciting trouble in Saint-Domingue.

"They shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet. I am inclined, in order to deprive them of all prospect of ever possessing it, to cede it to the U.S. They ask only for one city of Louisiana, but I consider the whole country lost, and I believe that in the hands of this rising power it will be more useful to the political and even the commercial interests of France than if I should attempt to retain it."

Though Talleyrand opposed the sale, it was he who broke the news to Livingston, when they met at a social gathering. As always, Livingston was importuning him to consider turning over New Orleans to the U.S. Suddenly Talleyrand asked, "How would you like to buy all of Louisiana?"

Livingston was stunned. The U.S., he replied, sought only New Orleans. He nevertheless took Talleyrand's advice to consider the idea further. He was alone, and had no authority or power behind him; he knew full well that his decision would change world history as well as that of the U.S., and that the purchase would be difficult to ratify and finance. But he acted with courage, decisively and promptly, to make the most of the opportunity that was to transform his country.

U.S. citizens were slow to realize

the significance of the treaty eventually signed by Livingston and James Monroe (who had been sent as joint minister to help with the New Orleans negotiations). But both statesmen were conscious of its portent, as was Napoleon. At the time of the signing, Livingston said, "We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our whole lives. The treaty which we have just signed has not been obtained by art or dictated by force; equally advantageous to the two contracting parties, it will change vast solitudes into flourishing districts."

Napoleon added, "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the U.S., and I have just given England a maritime rival that will, sooner or later, humble her pride. The day may come when the cession of Louisiana to the U.S. shall render the Americans too powerful for Europe."

News of the treaty reached Washington in July. The negotiators knew they had not a minute to lose, for the furious resistance it had aroused in Spain and England might persuade Napoleon to back out if it were not ratified quickly. Taken aback, President Jefferson at first considered the purchase unconstitutional. The framers of the Constitution had not foreseen that the U.S. would ever include Louisiana or, for that matter, be any larger than the original 13 colonies.

But Jefferson soon decided that the opportunity was great, and that

it was the will of the majority of the people to acquire Louisiana despite any constitutional limitations. He prepared certain amendments specifically permitting the U.S. to expand. He submitted them to his cabinet, but the cabinet rejected them. Next, he called Congress in October to ratify the treaty, whereupon all the opposition he had anticipated burst forth. The Federalists, led by Alexander Hamilton, accused him of tearing the Constitution to shreds. Many in Jefferson's own party repudiated him. It was argued that France had no title nor right to Louisiana; that the price was too high; that the U.S. was not equipped to handle so vast a territory; and that the addition of many agricultural states would cause huge losses to rich eastern states. For the first time in U.S. history, secession was mentioned.

Jefferson carried the day. Late in October the treaty was ratified by a narrow margin. Four more negative votes would have killed it, and lost the territory. Among those voting against the purchase was John Quincy Adams, later to become President of the U.S.

On Nov. 30, Spain returned Louisiana to France. Within three weeks, on Dec. 20, the French flag in what is now Jackson square, New Orleans, was lowered and the U.S. flag raised for the first time over the vast areas west of the Mississippi river.

Jimmie

The boy could never put one block on top of another, but he led his parents closer to God

*Condensed from Jubilee**

WHEN our baby was about five months old, we went over to my sister-in-law's for supper. During the evening, a door slammed, blown shut by the wind. My sister-in-law said that such a loud noise should have startled the baby. Even though it didn't wake him up, she insisted, he should have stirred a bit.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "you ought to ask the doctor about his ears. I've noticed it before. I don't think he hears very well."

Her experienced-mother attitude had amused and annoyed me before.

"Of course, she's wrong!" we laughed on the way home. But I asked the doctor about it the next time Jimmie went in for a checkup.

Our doctor had a porcupine personality. Nobody in town asked him to go out at night unless it was really an emergency. But now he was neither gruff nor testy. There was only gentleness in his voice as he said to me, "There are times I wish I'd decided to be a

plumber. This is one of them. I've known you ever since I spanked your bottom when you first came into the world. Now I'm going to tell you straight—your child is mentally defective."

He went on explaining, but I hardly heard him. Those terrible words wheeled around in my brain.

Common sense reasserted itself by the time I got home. After all, I thought, he's just a country doctor, and doctors make mistakes. They're only human. That's what it was, just a fantastic mistake. Best to get this nonsense settled right now. It wasn't likely that fate had stacked the cards against us in this 10,000-to-1 shot, not when we'd loved having our child, not when we'd loved God in our hearts all our lives.

Thus whistling in the dark, we began a long and weary odyssey in search of reassurance.

Now the thought of deafness was a consolation. That was it. Maybe our sister-in-law was right, and Jimmie was merely deaf. The ear specialist was thorough and he was kind. And he wouldn't accept a fee. Neither did he offer any consolation.

We next invaded the fabulous waiting room of a New York biochemist who had been recommended to us by a lady poet. The fee was \$10 a minute for five minutes.

So we traveled from city to city, clinic to clinic. Jimmie slept en route in his basket in the back of

*377 4th Ave., New York City 16. October, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the A.M.D.G. Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

the car. How about So-and-so, the noted pediatrician? Or a brain man? How about a psychiatrist?

My husband never went into the nursery. Whenever I carried little Jimmie through the rest of the house, my husband affected a sudden preoccupation with the newspaper or suddenly had to go out to the drugstore for cigarettes.

I nourished some bitter thoughts about my husband's callousness. This was a misconception I later most humbly apologized for. I'd forgotten that fathers like to take sons fishing and to football games. I'd forgotten that my husband was to be denied, for a while, the fun of buying an electric train he could play with even before our son grew old enough to tell a transformer from a caboose.

Yes, I thought, selfish in my own introduction to sorrow, here I am bearing the burden all by myself. I was pregnant again, too. It was a long time before I was understanding enough to realize that my husband was only putting up a front to defend himself from the sorrow I should have shared with him more fully.

Little Jimmie was two years old when Mary was born. And Mary entered the world with a curtsy, a charming, bright, amiable child. She squalled with a virtuosity that she has displayed in everything else she's done since then. In a few months, she had caught up with little Jimmie.

Still rationalizing, because we needed the house to fall on us before we admitted the truth to ourselves, we thought, "Mary's a prodigy!" Not, "Jimmie's defective!"

But Mary continued to develop. She was like sunshine. And the contrast became so great that even we could no longer ignore the facts.

Then we put it on the line with ourselves: nothing human, no skilled hands, no medicine, nothing, will repair our son's congenital defect. But, and we were off on another tangent of hope, if there isn't a physical, a natural solution, there's always God. God works miracles all the time.

I spent hour after weary hour, depending on prayer to help me teach Jimmie how easy it was to put one block on top of another. There was nothing to it. Jimmie never did it. Not once. And then I'd think rebelliously, "God? God is out to lunch!"

Sometimes at night I'd look out the window, wondering how One who ordered the stars with such marvelous efficiency could fail to intervene in what from His point of view must certainly be a little, little thing. He had only to think, and our problem would be solved.

Our third child, another girl, was a "blue baby." Only artificial respiration kept her alive long enough to be baptized. I couldn't cry now. Life wasn't worth the trouble.

When the next child was born,

I bargained with God. "Only let this new little baby live and I'll call it even, God." Hardly a way to pray, I admit, but little Blanche lived and grew up normally. (The other day she won a scholarship.)

When I got home from the hospital this time, we decided that because of the constant care the new baby would need, it would be best to let Jimmie go to a little hospital that we were told of.

Mrs. F., the woman who ran the hospital, was a widow with six children of her own, a trained nurse who could have concentrated on lucrative private cases. Instead, she chose to take in 20 children like Jimmie; she took them for nothing if one couldn't pay. We paid \$10 a week. And when Jimmie needed oxygen one time, she wouldn't let us pay for it.

As soon as I felt well enough to visit Jimmie, I went to the hospital. Jimmie didn't remember me now. Mrs. F. took me into the ward. She showed me the little patients. I said the wrong thing, "Wouldn't they be lovely if —"

Before I could finish, she said, stroking the monstrous head of a tiny hydrocephalic infant, "They are lovely. God sent them, didn't He?"

All the way home I kept thinking, happily, "He's lovely! He's lovely! Because God made him!"

Some of our friends didn't understand how my husband and I could be happy. They didn't under-

stand why we visited Jimmie so seldom nor why there was laughter in our house.

We laughed because we prayed for a miracle and our "miracle" came to pass. It doesn't look like the one we prayed for. It's so much better.

And this is our miracle. Our tragedy was not a tragedy at all. It was instead the instrument through which God enriched and deepened the meaning of life for us.

Our son's life became a prayer for us. It was a life of innocence in a world where innocence and goodness are the rarest, the most precious commodities. We don't think Jimmie's life has been useless. Rather, it has been a spiritually efficient life, a life that went unerringly to the purpose of existence: the salvation of one's soul. Jimmie, like rainbows and flowers and sunsets, turns all our thoughts to God.

And not only have we these spiritual enhancements in our lives, we have also encountered, surprisingly, temporal ones, too—a sensitization, for instance, to God in His works, in His stars and seas, His presence in the Blessed Sacrament. Through Jimmie, we have an increased capacity for human joy in our other children.

Our mentally defective child did all these things for us. He does them now for us from a particularly advantageous position. For he died the other day.

Kenya: Where Lions Pose

One of Africa's greatest professional guides tells his best stories about shutter bugs

By J. A. HUNTER

Condensed from "Hunter"*

Y FIRST photographic safari was for lions on the Serengeti plains. Lions were plentiful there. To see 50 in a day was common. Often we would see family groups of a dozen or more lying about in the shade of acacia trees: a noble sight. But for the camera, the animals had to be coaxed out into bright sunlight or at least made to stand up so they did not blend in with the tall grass.

We finally devised the following technique. Cruising around in our truck, we would drive between the pride of lions and the bush, maneuvering to gain the animals' confidence. The lions would watch us intently for a few minutes. Finally,

satisfied that we meant no harm, they would turn their heads away indifferently. Next we would shoot an antelope and tow it to the lions.

After a few minutes, the lions would scent the carcass. One after another would stand up, sniffing the wind with nostrils extended. At last one would go to the bait and sample it. In a few minutes all of the lions would be tearing at the animal.

Now small liberties could be taken. We would approach the feeding beasts slowly in the car and start taking pictures, edging closer and closer as they became more accustomed to our presence.

In the early days of lion photog-



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raphy, it was unwise for anyone to put legs or arms outside the truck or even to speak. The lions would bolt at once. They did not connect the truck with human beings and possibly considered it simply another kind of animal.

We soon found that if we drove along slowly with a length of rope trailing behind, the lions would chase us and play with the rope like house cats playing with a dangling string. This trick always produced amusing pictures.

Individual lions varied considerably in their reactions. I remember one big, black-maned male who was particularly bad-tempered. This old veldt veteran continually cuffed and snarled at the other members of the pride. When we tried to take his picture, he whirled on the truck with an angry "Woof" that made me reach for my rifle. One of his wives finally took the situation in hand. With true womanly intuition, she seemed to sense that we meant no harm. Wishing to avert a scene that would deprive the family of their dinner, she left the antelope and came up to the old male, purring ingratiatingly and rubbing her back under his heavy jowl. After being thus fussed over for a few minutes, the old male relaxed. Satisfied, the lioness left him and returned to the bait, a perfect example of a tactful female quieting down an irritable male.

There was some slight difficulty and danger to lion photography in

those early days, but now the whole business has become a joke. When the game in Kenya showed signs of becoming overshot, the government declared several areas to be game preserves. Lions in these reserves, knowing themselves protected, became remarkably indifferent to humans. They are highly adaptable beasts. When they find that people are kind enough to shoot game for them in return for a few photographs, they become almost a parasite on humans. In some areas, lions virtually depend on photographic safaris to supply them with food.

In many reserves, lions have become so used to human beings that the sound of a rifle shot actually attracts them. They know that some photographer is shooting an antelope for them. These lions will trot like big dogs after every truck they see, expecting the people inside to feed them. If the truck stops, the lions often walk over and lie down in the car's shade rather than take the trouble to walk to the nearest bush.

I once received a cablegram from a client who was flying down to Kenya in his private plane with a group of friends. They particularly wanted lion pictures. While we were clearing out a landing field, I saw eight lionesses and a fine old male walking past us. The plane was due to be along in an hour, so I determined to give my client a real surprise. I bagged a Coke's hartebeest and dragged the carcass

over to the edge of the landing field. The lions promptly trotted over and took possession. When the plane appeared and came down, the lions were just finishing. Far from being frightened by the plane, they trotted over to it and stood there as if asking, "Well, have you brought us any more meat?" The visitors, who had expected a long, hard hunt after lions, stood in the open doorway of the plane staring at the beasts, hardly able to believe their eyes.

Natives have a great dread of lions, and find it hard to believe that the animals can become so tame. Sometimes when we were putting out a bait for photographers, a pride would come up to us in the calmest and friendliest of moods, but our native boys would always run like hares for the truck. Usually the sight of a fleeing figure will cause any carnivorous animal to give chase. Even a domestic dog will chase anyone who runs from him. But these lions were interested in nothing but the bait.

I have heard natives tell each other that lions will not eat white

people, only colored. This was the only way they could explain the lions' remarkable behavior.

The lengths to which camera fiends will go is amazing. One party spent weeks photographing lions feeding at a kill, resting under thorn trees, and trotting after the truck. But they wanted still other poses. I tried every trick I knew. I hung an antelope carcass from a tree limb so the lions would jump for it. I had a carcass dragged past the truck so that the lions would walk parallel to the camera. But all this had been done before, and my party wanted something different. Finally one man had a brilliant idea.

"Why don't we get a picture of lions and humans at dinner together?" he suggested. No sooner said than done. We set up a table with a linen cloth and a vase of flowers. Places were laid and chairs put in place. Vegetable salad, fruit, and beer were the bill of fare. A zebra was shot and dragged alongside the table. The three cameramen took their positions in the truck while the rest of the party sat down at the table.

I fired my rifle a few times to attract the lions. Shortly, a pride came hurrying in. In a few minutes they were hard at work on the zebra. Now the cameras began to purr. Shaking natives in white robes served the meal. The two meals progressed within a few yards of each other, the lions caring not



a whit what we did as long as we left them alone to finish their meal.

Photographing other big game animals is by no means so simple, especially as photographers are constantly demanding "action" pictures. The photographer sees his first rhino, his first buffalo, his first elephant. He runs thousands of feet of film through his camera. Then he begins to grow restless. After all, the animals do not do much but stand around and eat. A little action is needed in the film. Finally, the man says, "Hunter, couldn't we get one of these beasts to charge us—just for the picture?"

"That can be easily arranged," I assure him. "But then I will have to shoot the animal."

I see the hesitation in his face. The man is sincere in his love for animals. But he can also visualize the picture on the screen—a charging rhino coming right into the camera lens! At last, he decides "just this once" to sacrifice an animal for the picture.

The favorite animal for "charging pictures" is the rhino. Elephants are too uncertain. Buffalo are too savage. But a rhino is formidable enough to make an excellent picture and yet can be easily handled.

The first step is to get between the rhino and the bush. The rhino stops grazing and raises his head to see what is going on. Usually he trots over to investigate. It would be easy to frighten him away now by shouting or waving the arms.



But we want a charge. I wait until the rhino has stopped to look at us and then I sway my body slightly from side to side. For some reason best known to rhinos a slight movement brings them on.

Down goes the rhino's head and he comes for us. At the last moment, I fire and drop him in front of the camera.

There is a popular belief that photographing big game is a harmless amusement, while hunting the animals with a rifle is a cruel affair. In actual practice, there is often not much difference. When a photographer wants really first-class pictures of rhino, buffalo, or elephant, he will almost certainly be charged sooner or later. Then the animal must be killed. Photographers seldom realize this. They think that an irritable cow elephant with a calf will understand their kindly intentions and allow unlimited pictures to be taken. This is rarely the case. The cow will give one or two danger signals. If the man does not instantly retreat, she

takes matters into her own hands.

Nothing so infuriates big game as the steady purring or the sudden click of a camera. Before I take a client up to a herd of elephants, I always explain that when I give the signal, he must instantly stop picture taking and move back.

There follows a long stalk in which matters always seem to work against the camera. The elephants are in thick cover, the wind does not coincide with the sun, or the animals keep their rumps to the lens. Then a big bull becomes alarmed. He breaks out from cover, full into the sunlight. He stands motionless. His great ears are outstretched. His trunk is up, testing the breeze. I signal my client to retreat, for I know the bull will

be on us at the first sound of the camera shutter. But the photographer sees only a magnificent picture. He clicks the camera, and another elephant is shot "in self-defense."

Yet I must admit that animals are sometimes remarkably tolerant of picture taking. I have watched in amazement while a group of photographers ducked in and out of brush within 30 yards or so of a herd of elephants, taking light readings, changing lenses, and assuming the most incredible poses to get unusual "angle shots." The elephants put up with their antics very patiently. After considering the matter carefully, I am convinced that they thought the photographers were a herd of baboons.



The Ground's the Limit

"Now, as you know," concluded the officer, "these parachutes are not the new style we'll have when we go into actual combat. If you pull the left-hand cord and the 'chute hasn't opened by the time you've dropped a hundred feet or so, pull the reserve cord on the right.

"You'll land near the road marked 'D' on the maps we've studied. Follow the road in a northerly direction till it makes a sharp curve to the west. Twenty yards farther on you'll find your machine guns."

The last man to leave the plane watched the billowing white clouds of his buddies below him and yanked the first cord. Nothing happened. Pretty soon he pulled the second cord. Continuing to drop with no parachute opening above him, he muttered, "Just like the army! I'll bet there aren't any machine guns either!"

Wall St. Journal (15 Sept. '53).



ON A quiz program, a soldier was asked: "How many successful jumps must a paratrooper make before he graduates?"

The soldier thought a moment. Then he gave the only possible answer: "All of them."

Public Employees News.

Those Biblical Movies

*They are true to the box office,
untrue to the Bible*

By WILLIAM LEE MILLER

Condensed from the *Reporter**



It's going to be a big year for Biblical movies. According to the *New York Times*, we are to be treated to no fewer than 12 such "inspirational" pictures.

Besides *The Robe*, now released after years of breathless anticipation, there will be *The Prodigal*, starring Ava Gardner (presumably as part of the Riotous Living), and *The Story of Mary Magdalene*, in which Rita Hayworth will again demonstrate her piety. Cecil B. De Mille, famous for his efforts in bringing the Bible to the multitudes, is going to persevere in good works by remaking *The Ten Commandments*.

With the memories of *Quo Vadis*, *David and Bathsheba*, *Samson and Delilah*, and *Salome* still vivid, one would think we had had quite enough of Hollywood's own peculiar brand of Biblical interpretation for a while.

But the Hollywood movie men plainly have decided that we need

still more "spiritual" food with our entertainment.

Salome represents this genre in something like its worst form. It has sex, crowds, noise, color, thrills, religious sentimentality, big names, and at the heart of it all a monumentally fatuous plot.

It seems we have had *Salome* all wrong. According to the Columbia movie, she was a good girl—as good, that is, as you could expect a fun-loving Rita Hayworth character to be. She was betrayed by her evil mother. She did her dance to save John the Baptist, and she was all busted up when they brought in John's head on a platter, his glassy eyes staring up at her.

The picture would not be worth further discussion if it were not that there are so many such pictures and they cost so much and so many people go to see them and they are so very bad. The improvements that the movie makers have worked in *Salome's* character are as nothing

*220 E. 42nd St., New York City 17. Sept. 29, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Fortnightly Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

to the improvements that they have been working into the Bible for years.

Those Biblical pictures are not bad in just an ordinary way; they are bad in Hollywood's own colossal way. The stupidity at the center often is surrounded by all kinds of secondary excellence. Such Biblical spectacles represent an impressive display not only of material abundance but also of technical skill and creative ingenuity. And all of this is expended to make a picture whose high moment is a shot of Rita Hayworth rolling awkwardly on a rug.

The American motion-picture industry, and some would say America as a whole, seems to be better able to handle technical problems than interpretive and moral ones, and therefore tends to treat the former as the really significant problems. Hollywood's response to the inroads that television has made on the movies appears to be a frantic search for a new technical "improvement," even at the expense of a considerable debasement of film content.

But such films, so weak in spirit, are plenty strong in the flesh, and that in a very literal sense. Fortunately for them, what might be called the original Bible provides a goodly number of stories about women presumed to be beautiful. Hollywood's version of the Bible can go along for quite a while.

Salome is built from this sure-fire

formula, religion baptizing sex and sex making religion more interesting. The dance, of course, is the climax of the picture. But when we finally get to the dance, it turns out that Charles Laughton as Herod, and not Rita Hayworth, is the big star.

Once again the film exerts itself to demonstrate vicariously that, by golly, this is sexy. Miss Hayworth does stride around the platform, fluttering scarves, taking off veils, and rolling her shoulders and eyes, but every few feet the camera cuts to Laughton's face, against a blood-red background. He drools, and snorts, and leers, and stares, and pants in a display of passion so altogether overwhelming that Miss Hayworth's mild efforts seem insufficient to account for all the uproar.

But the secondhand character of the sex is outdone by the eclectic character of the religion. The message of John the Baptist, for example, is a weird mixture of a few of the Biblical phrases attributed to St. John, plus a kind of script writers' synthetic pseudo-Biblicism ("Those who live in hatred and strife shall be banished from the universe"; "Truth shall be clear as crystal"; "You shall blossom like the rose") and, for good measure, some out-and-out modern sentiment, as when John speaks glowingly of a future time "when humanity shall prevail." Stewart Granger expresses his faith in these same

terms to his old chief, Pontius Pilate: "I have found a loyalty greater than Rome—humanity."

But for John the Baptist to voice a modern script writer's confusion between God and humanity is more than an anachronism. It is evidence of the reason why the Biblical movies are so un-Biblical: they do not acknowledge that the significance of the Bible lies in its interpretation of life and not in its details. If the movies bear any relation to the Bible at all, it is only in the most inconsequential of these details. That there are distinctive Biblical ideas different from the prevailing modern ones does not in the slightest way suggest itself in these films. The pictures are modern pulp-magazine stories, with some names and events taken from the historical sections of the holy Bible.

David and Bathsheba was better than most of the Biblical films. The trouble with it was not just that Bathsheba's arm plainly bore the mark of a smallpox vaccination, or that David urged Uriah to try to look at things from the woman's point of view, but that Bathsheba's relationship to David was made a modern romantic love story. In *Quo Vadis* a genial and avuncular St. Peter told his boy companion that maybe when they were through fishing for men they would have a little time to fish for fish! These movies are like that, a grafting of Biblical figures and events onto es-

entially modern categories. They make mention of Galilee and of the Jordan, but the message comes straight from Southern California.

This message is that the real world is that of size, color, noise, thrills, and the most primitive and immediate emotions, the world of earthquake, wind, and fire. The Biblical movies appeal to the same motives and imply the same scale of values as the beast and monster pictures, with supersize lizards and the like, or the 3-D films in which the audience is pelted with arrows, sped over roller coasters, and leapt at by lions.

The whole approach is literal and materialistic. When a heavenly vision or a miracle is shown, it is represented with a physical exactitude that only a scientific age would consider important. God becomes a kind of supermagician who works strictly physical and capricious miracles, and the Bible is treated primarily as a book of tall tales about His tricks.

A few details taken from the history, drama, and legend of the Bible are removed from the context of the meaning of the whole Bible, and given meaning instead from the sentimentalities of contemporary popular culture. As in a soap opera, good and evil are separated, and embodied in particular persons.

These movies play to the crudest part of American religiosity, a part which unfortunately is not small.

The Heart of Italy

*Rules are ignored in a land where people laugh
or cry when they feel like it*

By ROSE GRIECO

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

AT A CROSSROADS in Capri, Carmelina, the souvenir vendor, and Frate Domenico, the monk, invited me to sit and talk with them a while. After listening to me speak Italian for a few moments, the monk inquired gently if I were Austrian. It was then that I discovered the power of those magic words, "*Sono Italo-Americana.*"

Immediately the atmosphere was changed. Carmelina stared for a few wondrous seconds; then, as if she had discovered a long-lost relative, she embraced me and kissed me on both cheeks. Frate Domenico handed me a rosary. I had arrived.

Once I realized my power, I went completely overboard. I used the magic words, "I am an Italian American," indiscriminately from Capri to Milan, and from Venice down to Naples. The reaction of the Italians, from the titled to the peasants, never varied. I was treated like everybody's first cousin.

One time, when I was looking for La Scala in the bustling city

of Milan, I stopped in the middle of a busy intersection, where a *carabinière* was directing traffic. He brought traffic on all sides to a halt, as he engaged me in helpful, solicitous conversation. Not a car moved; not a horn sounded. I felt like royalty.

Another time I wanted to see the famous *Lupa* of Roman legend, which is in the Campidoglio. I discovered that the building was not open to the public that day. But I was armed with the three invincible weapons of having pure Italian blood, being a woman, and the ability to bring tears to a glass eye. I went into battle.

First to fall were the *carabinieri* on guard. The next line of defense was quickly disposed of in the person of their captain. He acknowledged defeat, and happily took me to see the gentleman in charge of giving special passes to special people.

So I visited the room where the ancient She-Wolf reposes serenely, reminding her viewers of the mea-

*386 4th Ave., New York City 16. Nov. 6, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

gerness of one life's span. I thought of my uncle, growing old amidst the noise and confusion of New York, but still full of memories of his youth in Italy. I visualized him standing perhaps where I was standing, 50 long years ago, meditating on the glories of Rome. Silently, I communicated his love and respect to *La Lupa* and all she represented.

I acquired the healthy habit of keeping clear of the places catering to Americans. I was going to spend the rest of my life fraternizing with Americans, so I took most of my meals in the typical *trattoria*, where the Italians eat. As the warmth and friendliness of the people began to settle snugly around my heart, I found myself talking to anybody and everybody. In this way, I began to get a picture of how we appear to Italians. I was happy to hear of their gratitude for all the help we've given them. One gentleman described his feeling with typical Italian fervor by saying, "When anyone mentions the U.S., we should all bow three times."

Despite their appreciation for our help, the Italians find us a very strange breed. They cannot understand our preoccupation with television. In a country where daily living is charged with an abundance of love, music, drama, and tears, the idea of spending hours absorbed in the affairs of strangers on a screen remains an unhappy mystery. Italians are great lovers of

the theater, but not so much that they ignore the drama of their own daily living. Because of their intensity of feeling, what might elsewhere be simply an ordinary love affair, family feud, or expected loss, manages to develop into an overwhelming romance, the battle of the ages, or stark tragedy. They create their own entertainment, and become the leading players in the drama of life.

Another phase of our living which startles Italians is the fact that we constantly run ourselves ragged in order to acquire the comforts of life. The Italian earns little and enjoys much. In the evening, he wanders into the *piazza*, and for the price of a cup of *café espresso*, or 7¢, he has an evening's entertainment, as he sits with family or friends at a little table, listening to the music provided by the inevitable town band, talking and singing and arguing, as he relaxes under the stars.

The Italians believe in that beautiful proverb, "The man is the head of the house; the woman is the heart." I believe that much of the serenity of Latin women lies in the fact that they are not interested in being treated as equals, but as women. The Italians are baffled at the idea they find in our humor, that the purpose in life of the American female is to subjugate the male. That a sweetheart, wife or daughter always gets the better of the man in the movie is ap-

palling to all Italian sensibilities.

They find it hard to understand our baby-sitting problem. In Italy, this homey chore belongs to the grandparents. The old people have the most precious kind of security, that of being cared for by those they love, and the children are guarded by those who love them.

Our concern with our aged seems strange to a people who keep their parents with them, as retired rulers of their particular little kingdom, the family. To suggest to an Italian that he send an aged, ailing parent to a nursing home is like suggesting that he cut off the main artery to his heart. No doubt the parent would die within a week, for even though he may disagree with his daughter-in-law, and perhaps be difficult with his son, the important thing to all concerned is that he be where he belongs.

Although I was anxious to see my family and friends in America, I was reluctant to leave a people I had grown to love. At the airport, I happened to glance at two American magazines. Scanning the list of featured articles, I beheld such delectable bits as *How to Get Along with Your Nerves*, *Pornography in Our Schools*, and *Is Alcoholism Curable?* I was momentarily stunned, for I had only a moment before been still full of the warmth and simplicity of Italy, where a psychiatrist would quickly starve to death.

Now I was thrown mercilessly

back into an awareness of our peculiar American problems. What has happened to us? I kept asking myself. Why is there so much talk about sex, and so little about love? Why do so many people drink themselves into a stupor, instead of for the enjoyment of meals and life in general? Why is there pornography among our youth, and so few beautiful nudes in our public buildings and squares? Something was wrong somewhere.

I think the slowest steps I have ever taken as an adult were those leading to the airlines bus. A handsome Italian officer closed the door after us, saluted smartly, and remained standing at attention as we pulled out, his motionless face not quite able to hide the message his eyes were sending, that of a safe trip home. I thought I was going to cry.

The only Italian on the bus, a middle-aged woman on her way to Paris, waved her handkerchief at the disappearing cypress trees, and called out brokenly, "*Addio, Roma.*" Maybe that was what was wrong. We don't cry out "*Farewell, Rome,*" when we feel like it.

Perhaps that is why more and more Americans are finding their way to Italy. We need to be reassured that even in the fury of the 20th century the fine art of conversation still exists, the enjoyment of each moment as it passes is possible, and penniless people still sing to the stars.

How Not to Raise a Bigot

*Unfortunate attitudes in the home, school or community
may infect children with prejudice*

By JACK HARRISON POLLACK

Condensed from *Everywoman's**

A 1ST-GRADE BOY asked his mother if he could bring a classmate home to play. Aware that her son attended a "mixed" school, the mother cautiously inquired, "Is he white or colored, Billy?"

"Gee, mommy, I'll notice next time I see him," replied her child.

Even parents who ought to know better are frequently brimming with prejudice. A Northern woman, a college graduate, rationalizes her bias by saying, "I'm really not prejudiced; it's just that I prefer white people." A wealthy Western industrialist explains that in grade school he sat next to an immigrant's son who smelled strongly of garlic. "The smell of garlic is associated in my mind with foreigners, and I can't stand either," he confesses. "But I'm no bigot!" The word *bigot* has an unpleasant sound, and not many of us are willing to recognize bigotry in ourselves.

Yet our children can pick up irrational hatred from us without ever realizing why. "Very early in life, a child becomes aware of 'we'

and 'us' as opposed to 'they' and 'them,'" explains psychiatrist Julius Schreiber, director of the National Institute of Social Relations in Washington. "What 'we' ('our family,' 'our group') say, do, and approve is all right; what 'they' do is open to challenge. 'They,' the 'others,' aren't like us. They are strangers, outsiders, foreigners. And being different, they are, therefore, in some way inferior."

A child's sketchy understanding of other religions can be eye-open-



*16 E. 40th St., New York City 16, October, 1953. Copyright 1953 by *Everywoman's Magazine, Inc.*, and reprinted with permission.

ing. A Columbia-university study several years ago turned up an 11-year-old Italian girl who described Jews thus: "They eat cabbage, fish, bananas, pickles, and don't like to work." Several Jewish youngsters explained Protestants and Catholics this way: "They eat bacon and ham, pray in front of a cross, and take their hats off in church." Protestant children summed up their ideas of Catholics in these words: "They say prayers with their beads and bless themselves when there is a storm." Too many parents unfortunately neglect to tell their children anything about "different" religions and races.

But parents cannot be blamed entirely. Children pick up prejudice from other aspects of their environment. A Northern child who moves to Texas, for instance, may start calling Mexicans names in line with local practice.

Children catch prejudice even in school. When a school board refuses to name a new building after an American war hero because his parents were Mexicans, as one did recently, that board isn't helping race relations. Neither was the teacher who said, "List five queer things about the Chinese people."

School textbooks sometimes pass on the virus. A recent study of the nation's elementary and high-school textbooks revealed painfully inadequate material about modern Negroes and Jews, offensive generalizations about Chinese, Japanese,

Mexicans, and Filipinos; and references to immigrants in such terms as "hordes" or "swarms," and always as "problems." As a result, when a group of youngsters was asked which nationality they hated most, they uniformly replied, "The bloodthirsty Turks!"

"Yet not one of them had ever seen a Turk," Dr. Robert Golden-son, Hunter-college psychologist, pointed out.

Worst of all, children become infected with bigotry simply by observing the hypocritical double talk common in our culture. Consider the psychology of a Negro child in a segregated school. "He starts his day with a reading from the Bible, which teaches brotherly love," says Dr. John J. Brooks, director of the interracial new Lincoln school of New York City. "He then pledges allegiance to the flag, declaiming 'liberty and justice for all.' In his biology class, he learns that race has no bearing on physical or mental characteristics. Finally, in his civics class, he learns that, depending on his ancestry, he is a Negro in one state, a white person in another, and not racially defined by law in a third."

Such segregation gives children feelings of inferiority and hostility; it prevents them from developing into healthy personalities. Dr. Clark tested hundreds of three-to-seven-year-old Negro children in both segregated and mixed nursery and elementary schools, in North

and South. Shown identical white and colored dolls, the children were asked to choose the "nice" and the "bad" looking ones. Results revealed an unmistakable conflict between racial preference and racial self-identification. Two thirds of the children preferred the white dolls but identified themselves with the colored ones. Many showed signs of deep emotional disturbance during the test.

But prejudice does more than harm the personality of minority-group children. "It also stunts the mental and emotional development of biased majority-group children," says Dr. William E. Galt, behavior expert at the Lifwynn foundation in Westport, Conn. Prejudice itself, in young or old, is a symptom of an underlying personality disturbance.

How impressionable children can be was recently demonstrated by Dr. Max Wolff, a Columbia-university community consultant. At a camp last summer, he led a group of teen-age boys on a nature hike. Approaching a field of yellow flowers, the boys were enraptured by their beauty.

"Those yellow flowers smell bad!" deadpanned Dr. Wolff.

Puzzled, the boys smelled the flowers and protested, "No they don't!"

"Yes, they do," insisted Wolff.

Before long, all except one of the 18 boys agreed that the flowers did smell bad, and that the field would

be more enjoyable without them.

Dr. Wolff then explained the experiment. "I was only trying to see if I could change your minds, make you dislike what you had liked a few minutes before." The results of such experiments should make parents sit up and take notice.

Mrs. Gertrude Hart Day had her eyes opened during the 2nd World War. Following her army-officer husband from camp to camp, she had difficulty renting a house because of landlords' bias against her three children. An eighth generation American, she suddenly became aware of the plight of her fellow Americans without status. Mrs. Day returned to her Connecticut home after the war and started the New Haven Neighborhood project: a nursery school, playground, and summer play group for Negro and white Christian and Jewish children. Later, she helped break down the prejudices of those children's parents by getting them to know each other socially.

Here are some of the things that you ought to do—and not do—to help your child grow up without being bigoted.

1. Don't use such thoughtless expressions as "Jew him down," "Nigger in the woodpile," "Italian gangsters," "Irish politicians," "Indian giver," "Chinaman's chance."

2. Don't put off facing the problem of prejudice until your child is mature enough to "understand."

At the right time, you can tell him that his religion or the color of his skin is different from other children's. Explain that this difference is perfectly natural and has nothing to do with inferiority or superiority.

3. If your child runs home crying that he was called "a dirty—," check your own wrath. Don't comfort him with a prejudiced remark of your own such as "What can you expect from a stupid—!" This only aggravates the incident in your youngster's mind and increases his feeling of insecurity. One shortsighted mother whose four year old Nisei son was slugged by older bullies, rushed him to a hospital. She protested to everybody, and within the child's hearing, that her boy was a victim of anti-Japanese prejudice. Naturally, she was right. But psychologically, she was wrong. "Her child, in consequence of her foolish act, suffered for something he was unable to understand, and was given a sense of permanent insecurity," explains Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, of the University of Chicago.

In Lynn, Mass., an 11-year-old Jewish boy, the son of a dead war hero, was strolling home from a Boy Scout meeting one night. A gang of teen-age bully-bigots jumped on him and beat him up. His mother wrote a letter about the incident to the local newspaper. Immediately, the town was aroused to prevent any such future occurrences. Far from bitter, the bruised

boy merely sighed, "There are lots of good people here and everywhere, I'm sure."

4. If you're quite upset yourself by your child's experience, don't try to explain the theory of race prejudice to him then. When a child is called names, a theoretical discussion of race won't help. Tolerance talk is wasted on a young victim in an intolerant mood. Wait till you've both calmed down. Then try to discover what motivated the name calling or brutality. Children can be made to understand that bullies are often frightened cowards at heart.

5. The more love and affection you lavish on your child, the less likely is he to be hostile towards others. Build up his self-esteem by showing him that he is not only a valuable member of your family but of society. The more relaxed a child's home atmosphere, the less chance he has of growing up with hate feelings. "Secure children are the least prejudiced."

6. If you ever hear a bigot, young or old, sound off, challenge him quietly with facts and moral principles. Insist that he prove his wild charges. That will often shut him up and get him thinking.

7. If you have a community prejudice problem, team up with other parents to do something about it.

Hoopeston, Ill., had 60 outcast brown-skinned youngsters a few years ago. They were children of migrant field workers, Texas-born

Mexicans. But these dark-skinned American children were forbidden to attend Hoopeston's public schools because it was whispered that they had contagious diseases. One day the natives decided to educate their migrants, and themselves. The migrant children were allowed to enter school and mix freely in the town.

Hoopeston native children soon learned Spanish from their playmates and discovered a culture which enriched their hitherto provincial lives. "When we got to

know these children," one woman explained, "we couldn't be prejudiced against them." Today Hoopeston proudly accepts its migrant children and their families.

Every bigot was once a child. But no child was ever born a bigot. Fortunately, prejudice can be unlearned, as well as learned. What amazes me is how parents can become so excited about corruption in government or corruption in sports, yet remain complacent when bigotry corrupts their own children's personalities.

Pilgrim's Progress

FEW MOVEMENTS in history have been more thrilling than the pilgrimages of the Middle Ages. With the fall of Acre in 1291, the last Christian foothold in the Holy Land was lost. But pilgrims continued to visit some of the shrines, at enormous sacrifice of time and money.

In Old French, *galvardine* was one term for "pilgrimage." Since a particular type of upper garment was worn by the pilgrim, it gradually came to be identified with the journey itself. A will filed in 1520 included the bequest, "unto litill Thomas Beke my gawbardyne to make him a gowne." From the garment, the term attached to the coarse material of which it was customarily made. Slight modifications in spelling produced *gabardine*—a cloth-name that passed from the religious pilgrim's vocabulary into general use.

THOMAS A BECKET, an early archbishop of Canterbury, was murdered in the year 1170. Within two years, he was named a saint. His grave became the most famous shrine in Britain, and pilgrims made annual trips to it. It was a band of these devout travelers whom Chaucer made immortal in *The Canterbury Tales*.

When traveling to Canterbury, it became traditional to urge one's horse to a slow gallop. This gait was faster than walking, but slower than running. Many miles could be covered in a day, yet a man's mount did not become exhausted. For many generations, this pace was called the "Canterbury gallop." Abbreviated in common speech, it emerged into modern English as *canter*.

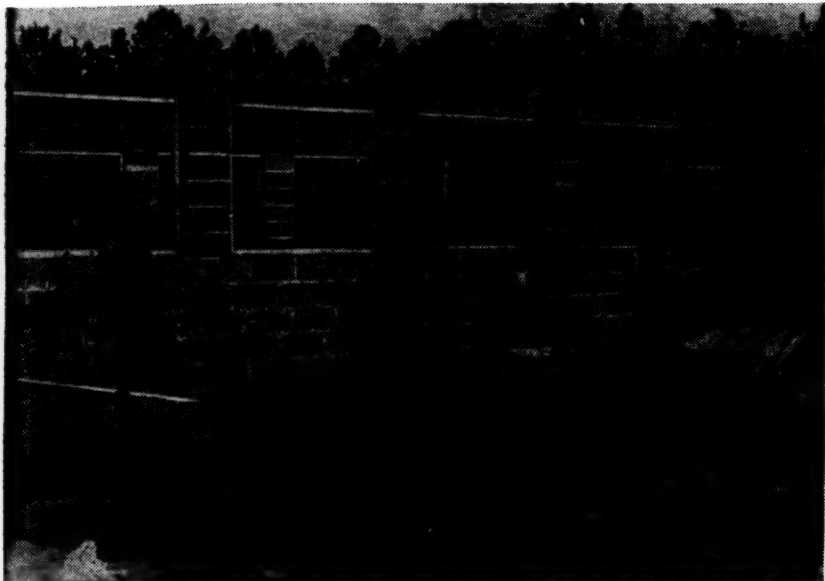
Webb B. Garrison.



The power of the atom lay around unused for centuries until man, driven by genius, learned to release and, at least partially, control it. Another tremendous power which is unused for the most part is the goodwill in the hearts of men. Every so often some great human need draws the right men together, and the power of goodwill is released with astonishing effects. Such an event took place last year in Hampton, Va.

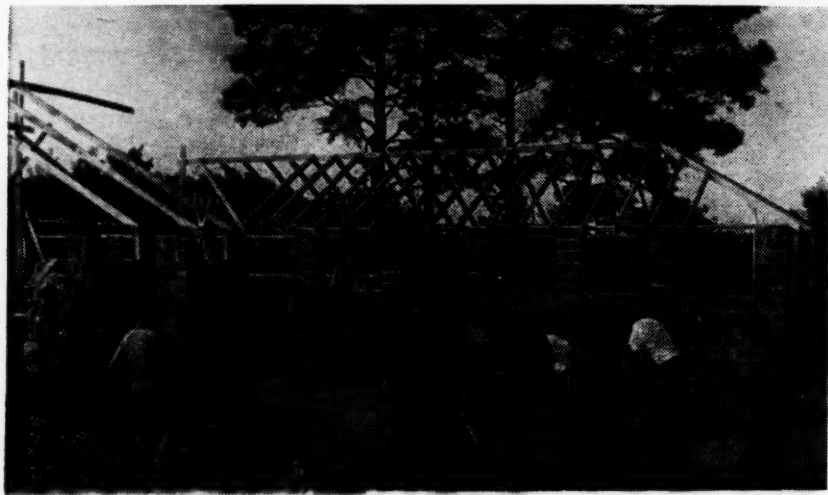
Father Otterbein Explodes an Atomic Bomb

Sometimes goodwill becomes an avalanche



Father Joseph Otterbein, C.Ss.R., director of Blessed Martin Center there, saw the urgent need of a summer camp for Negro children. He acquired rights to a tract of pine-covered land near the York river. Now he had the elements of a goodwill bomb: his dream, property, and a name, Good Counsel camp. He was ready to pull the trigger.

On May 14 he invited about 40 prominent citizens of the Newport News area to a kickoff dinner. His guests included the mayor of Hampton, chiefs of police from Hampton, Newport News and Phoebus; bankers, businessmen, military men from near-by Fort Eustis and Langley Field; whites and Negroes, Catholics and non-Catholics. He outlined his plans for the group and set July 19 as A-day, the day the camp would open. The reaction of these men to his proposal was an enthusiastic explosion of goodwill. Almost immediately they pledged themselves to raise a good part of the necessary funds.





This is what happened during those two months.

The goodwill released by the kickoff dinner spread rapidly. Local newspapers gave Good Counsel camp hearty support. Father Otterbein's friends, the Xaverian Brothers, ran off camp stationery on their presses. Two weeks later, seven Brothers were working eight hours a day on the site. They cleared underbrush, dug trenches for the footings. Soon military personnel from Fort Eustis and Langley Field joined them. They mixed concrete, laid cinder block. Civilians from Newport News and Hampton came in their free time to give skill and brawn to the work. A Hampton electrician did the wiring.

Now the chain reaction began to move faster, to touch more hearts.

After arranging for a donation of 50 yards of concrete, a Norfolk businessman accomplished all this in one morning: He introduced Father Otterbein to (1) the vice president of a plumbing company who promised to gather all the pipes, fittings, sinks, showers, the water heater and similar items, (2) a roofing contractor who promised the tar paper and shingles for the chapel and some aluminum roofing, (3) a building-supplies man who gave sheet rock, paint, and caulking compound, (4) men who donated septic tanks and field tile, (5) men who gave all the screen doors and outside doors for the project.

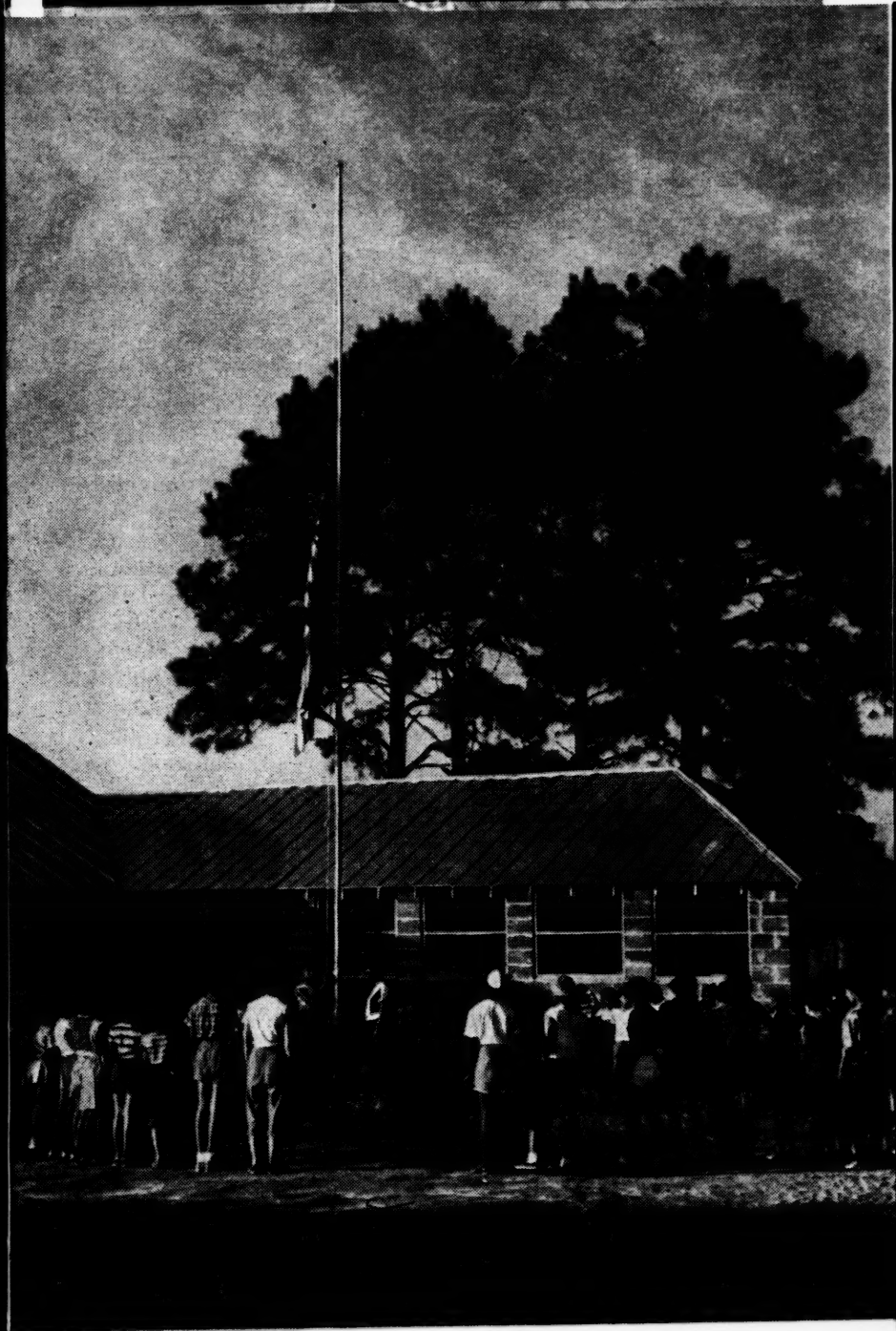




After lunch Father Otterbein called on a plumber in Norfolk who paid a Newport News firm to install the camp plumbing. Within another week all the hardware for the doors was donated. Meanwhile, the men of the committee kept their pledges, too. The chaplain at Fort Eustis collected \$1,700, his counterpart at Langley Field brought in \$300, and the chaplain of Fort Monroe brought \$100. The buildings of Good Counsel camp grew much like structures in an animated cartoon. By the time Father Otterbein ripped July 18 from his desk calendar, the camp was ready to open.

The result of this explosion of goodwill is a much prettier sight than the blinding flash, the mushroom cloud, and the acres of desolation that follow the explosion of an atomic bomb. Father Otterbein's bomb has brought six weeks of camping for the Negro children of Virginia: three weeks for the girls, then three for the boys. Goodwill has brought Hampton-area Negro children six weeks of playing and swimming in the pine-scented air of the Virginia woodlands, good food, pleasant dreams amid the soft breezes and soft sounds of the Virginia night, the wise and charitable counseling of the Xaverian Brothers and the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, the comradeship of good friends around the altar, the flag, and the campfire: memories that will last a lifetime.

All this has come from the released goodwill of people of all races and creeds. In a small way, it is an example of America at its best. As with any atomic bomb, there are troublesome by-products, a debt of \$4,000 and the obvious need of expanding the camp. Father Otterbein is confident that his chain reaction will take care of these too.



*In time, money and safety—
for company and workers*

Employee Ideas Pay Off

By ARTHUR LACK

Condensed from the *Wall Street Journal**

HUNDREDS of private and governmental organizations are giving away untold millions of dollars in awards to employees for suggestions. Actual savings from adopted suggestions are estimated roughly at ten times cost of the awards.

R. L. Bullock, a supervisor for Interstate Oil Pipe Line Co., suggested a new process for removing the protective grease coating from old pipe. He got an \$850 award from the company.

Clifford D. May, Jr., is an army civilian employee. He developed a method of doubling the circuit capacity of the Signal corps' long-range radio equipment, to 12 channels from six, without using additional frequencies. He picked up an extra \$1,780.

In New York state, two men employed as seasonal workers thought up a chain-saw device. It was used in cutting and removing 3,000 hazardous underwater pilings from the Niagara river a few miles above Niagara Falls. The removal job was done at a cost of \$6,000 instead of the \$50,000 originally estimated.

Governor Dewey presented the men who had the idea with a \$2,000 merit award, largest in the six-year history of the state's suggestion program.

Costly giveaways to employees? Not if you take a look at the statistics on what employee suggestions have meant in operational economies and improved labor-management relations.

The National Association of Suggestion Systems held a conference in Pittsburgh Oct. 26-27. A limited survey by the association showed that almost 200 employers were giving away \$7 million in 1953 in awards. The bonuses ranged from \$3 to several thousand dollars in cash, and from table clocks and television sets to cars and box seats at Milwaukee Braves' baseball games.

Suggestion systems have been rising in popularity since the 2nd World War. Need for production short cuts in defense plants stimulated their growth.

General Motors, which pays 16⅓% of its savings as awards, handed out \$1,860,148 to employees

*711 W. Monroe St., Chicago 90, Ill. Oct. 28, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Dow Jones & Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

in the first nine months of 1953, surpassing the \$1,678,372 total for all 1952. About 25% of the 1,079,796 suggestions submitted were adopted, the average ratio for suggestion systems.

Westinghouse Electric set a new peacetime record in savings last year. More than \$1.1 million was realized through employee suggestions. Employees were paid \$145,000, compared with \$139,300 the previous year. The company recently revised its 43-year-old suggestion system by doubling the awards. Now, acceptable ideas are worth either 20% of the net annual savings or 10% of the gross, whichever is greater. The minimum was raised to \$5 from \$2.50.

For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1953, the U.S. army reported savings of more than \$11 million on nearly 10,000 adopted suggestions from civilian employees. Awards totaled \$282,520.

Recent additions to planned suggestion systems include the Chase National Bank of New York and the state of New Jersey.

Generally, the highest awards are for savings on expensive or much-used materials and short cuts on production methods frequently repeated. The average award last year was \$26.03, compared with \$24.97 a year earlier. Suggestions were received from 207 out of 1,000 employees in 1952, against 189 per 1,000 in 1951.

One criticism of such systems is

that suggestions are substituted for competent research and planning. Gwilym A. Price, president of Westinghouse, replies, "The man closest to the job is often in the best position to find a better way, despite competent methods men, research engineers, and supervisors."

As for "hidden" costs of suggestion systems, Fred A. Denz, director of the suggestions division of Remington Rand, says that there are many offsetting "hidden" savings. "Total savings are difficult to figure," he explains, "because the majority of the savings are intangible. They include gains in safety, working conditions, product development, and sales methods."

Administration of the systems isn't as simple as it may seem. A lot of promotion and publicity is needed to get workers to write out their ideas and submit them to a suggestions committee. Gimmicks to get greater participation include jingles on pay-check envelopes plugging the "earn-more-money" idea; an annual "president's dinner," at which top suggesters are feted; and an occasional "Suggestion day."

Employees who do write out their suggestions are usually pretty serious about them. "Drop-dead" notes to supervisors are now out of style, according to delegates at the N.A.S.S. conference in Pittsburgh. But some of the ideas do have their humorous aspects. The employees in a big Chicago baking company,

for instance, suggested that their lunch hour be moved up half an hour. They wished time to place their bets on the races.

Biggest award recorded to date was one of \$28,006 paid out by Clevite Corp., formerly Cleveland

Graphite Bronze Co., to Charles Zamiska. He was a foundry worker who thought up a new process for producing graphite bearings. Mr. Zamiska, who had worked for the company for 15 years, quit his job and bought a farm.

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Bonus Books From the Vatican

A RARE-BOOK DEALER in Canada, owner of the Old Authors' Farm, was planning a sale of "books from unique sources." One such unique source, he decided one day, could very well be the Vatican library.

He was a Protestant and Mason. The thought of writing the Vatican would never have occurred to him had he not remembered a recent event. Some Masons had been caught short of seats for a meeting, and had asked a U. S. Knights of Columbus group for help. "The KC's ran five trucks, and lent, free, their every last seat. Their generosity impressed me. So I tried the Vatican."

He got a prompt air-mail reply: the library would sell some books for the benefit of Vatican charities. "I replied cautiously and somewhat insolently," he said. "My trade was not with millionaires, nor was I a divinity school. I wanted books of this world with a minimum of theology. I would appreciate a price list 'within reason.'"

The astonished bookseller got back this note with the shipment. "We leave all questions of valuation entirely in your hands and will abide by whatever you do. We have no price list."

Impressed, he decided to do his best for the Vatican charities. His own share of the profits would also go to charity, to a Masonic hospital for crippled children in Montreal.

"I have come to know the meaning of the word *generosity*," he said. "It seems strange that I had to learn it from the Vatican library."

NCWC (26 Oct. '53)

A YOUNG STUDENT in the Vatican library was reading the works of a now obscure 18th-century philosopher. Plowing doggedly through a giant volume, he came suddenly upon a signed paper: "The finder of this is advised to go to the Probate Court and look up File 162, R.i./Rome, Feb. 5, 1784." The student did, and discovered that the philosopher had left his entire fortune to the first person sufficiently interested in his work to get so far through the volume. With 170 years of interest, the fortune amounted to \$84 million.

Bennett Cerf in the *Saturday Review*, (24 Oct. '53)

In the Days of the Good Provider

*The top man in the rural community won his honor
by hard work and knowledge of real food*

By HARRY BOTSFORD

Condensed from the *American Mercury**

BACK IN THE DAYS when I lived on the farm, if you said of a friend or neighbor, "He is a good provider," you paid him about the finest of all compliments.

By the 4th of July of each year, the good provider was expected to have spring chickens ready for the skillet; tiny new potatoes, so young they blushed, ready for the pot; and young peas, eager for just a little cookery, fragile and delightful. It helped, too, if there were little onions and hot little radishes for the table.

The good provider not only grew the usual farm products, but he grew the best. His potatoes were large and smooth. They mashed into creamy lightness when blended with heavy cream, plenty of butter, and a frugal teaspoonful of onion juice. They baked into mealy succulence, the perfect companion for a slice of pink country-cured

ham or a chunk of roast beef.

The good provider raised navy beans, and again he sought perfection. He threshed the beans on a strip of canvas, discarding those that showed any discoloration. He then placed the beans in muslin sacks, and stored them in the dry warmth of his attic. From time to time they appeared on the table—



sometimes as a thick and rich soup, flecked with bits of a ham hock, perked up by a trifle of grated onion, smoothed by the addition of honest cream. You could take a few bowls of this elegant, robust soup, a few slices of hot, salt-rising bread lavishly spread with fresh butter, a bowl of tangy cole slaw—"Well, there was a danged good supper," the good provider would

remark. Then he'd empty his second cup of coffee and casually add that another piece of apple pie would not be amiss.

*11 E. 36th St., New York City 16. November 1953. Copyright 1953 by American Mercury Magazine, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Then, there were his baked beans. The appearance of the elderly, fat, brown bean pot on the table was always greeted with broad smiles. The beans were delicately brown, completely whole, with a glorious flavor, and supplemented by a liberal chunk of salt pork in their depths. Hot or cold, country folk in my day ate them with pleasure. On the table there would be a bottle of homemade catsup, lively with spices and genially warm with lurking condiments. A little of it dolloped on the beans gave them an extra-special flavor, calling for encores. The bean pot would be flanked by mixed mustard pickles, hot, and always in demand. There would be a small jar of homemade horse-radish. Once you have tasted the authentic article, insipid commercial products have no charm or piquancy. Other delights would include tiny green gherkins and fat cucumbers, pickled to crisp and engaging goodness in vinegar, a little salt, and sprays of dill. All these tasted enormously good with the baked beans. And there would be biscuits, crusty and delicately brown, made with flour from grain raised on the farm, light as a feather.

The good provider took special pride in his meats, especially his pork. His pigs never lived in a filthy pen; they were given clean quarters, pampered as to diet, grew fat and ponderous by late October. Then they were butchered.

Hams and bacon went into a bar-

rel of brine, so heavy that it would float an egg. After three days, the brine was drained off, and the meat wiped with a damp cloth. Next, the barrel would be scalded and re-filled with brine, tempered with a little sugar and saltpeter. This fluid remained crystal clear until the day the meat had been pickled and partially cured.

Then the meat went to the smokehouse for a long period of absorbing the spicy and aromatic smoke from sassafras. Long before this, lard was rendered in huge outdoor kettles from the trimmed-off fat. The lard would be as white as snow, and the pastry it eventually graced was as fragile.

The good provider would grind odds and ends of lean pork with beef; the mixture was herbed, spiced, seasoned, and stuffed in long, narrow muslin bags and hung in the smokehouse to attain a maturity one cannot find today in any commercial sausage. Cakes of it, fried slowly, were perfect companions to the small, brown-freckled raised buckwheat pancakes people once ate for breakfast.

To enter the cellar of the good provider was an adventure calculated to stimulate the appetite of a gourmet. There would be row on row of home-canned fruits, jams, pickles, vegetables. Along one side would be a battalion of fat brown crocks of noble proportions. Lift the cover of one and there would be sweet peppers, a lively green,

stuffed with finely diced cabbage. Their taste is difficult to describe—it was so good, so spicy cold. With a thick slice of home-cured ham, you had one of the happiest of all food combinations.

Other crocks would contain assorted pickles, dill, sweet, and plain sour, puckery cucumbers. On the shelves would be can after can of sliced cucumber pickles, some embraced in a golden mustard sauce, others in vinegar, sugar, and mordant spices. In some of the cans there would be chunks of pickles and tiny onions, the last ones harvested before snowfall.

Here you'd find a barrel of salt pork, the meat cozily reclining in a strong brine. Fat chunks would be fished out for baked beans or chowders, the meat white and firm and glorious when properly cooked.

At last you might reach a barrel on a pedestal, looming in a sinister manner in one dark corner. Hard cider! It was spiked with a little "boughten" whisky, and tempered and supplemented and implemented with some whole-wheat kernels. That barrel sat there and brooded and chuckled and aged into a liquid that was smooth, but which had a kick like a mule. The row of tin cups around the top of the barrel was there for a worthy purpose.

The good provider always had a large cellar. He needed it. On one side would be an array of bins. In one would be the gold of gigantic pumpkins. Flanking this would be

one of Hubbard squash, a hard and solid green, the texture so firm that a saw was required to cut one up for cookery. Under the heat of an oven, the yellow flesh mellowed and became delightfully mealy. Removed from the oven, dressed with a liberal application of butter flavored with onion juice, salted and peppered, the Hubbard squash is almost a collectors' item.

The good provider would have an outdoor storage shed. The cracks between the boards were purposely wide to admit the cold air. Here he would hang fresh meat. There might be half of a prime steer, fattened quickly, the meat beautifully marbled and tender. A lamb would hang from hooks, ready for the cutting up, for pot or oven. If the weather unexpectedly turned warm, the good provider went to work promptly.

The beef was corned in brine; some remained in the brine, to emerge as the best corned beef you ever tasted. Other pieces were lifted from the brine, dried, and subjected to the slow, curative smoke from hardwood in the smokehouse, and became dried beef of great flavor.

The lamb would be cut into serving pieces. The chops were lightly fried, placed in crocks, and covered with melted lard that formed an impervious covering. Months and months later, the family feasted on fried lamb chops that were tender and full of flavor. The rest of the meat was boiled, seasoned, placed in sterilized cans, and tightly sealed.

Later, it would form a perfect base for an Irish stew or a meat pie.

The attic of the good provider was also a joy to examine. On the rafters would be bunches of sweet-smelling herbs: sage, thyme, sweet basil, and bags of geranium and nasturtium leaves. There would be bags of navy beans, a crock of dried peas, another of dried apples, bunches of dried garlic—all tightly sealed in their protective coverings. Here were stored barrels and casks and bags of wheat flour; grayish-white buckwheat flour, golden-yellow stone-ground corn meal. The breads, rolls, cakes, pies, muffins, and pancakes made from them seemed to have a very special and toothsome flavor, which I have not encountered for many years. All the grains had been raised on the farm, ground at the local water mill.

There would be big burlap bags of butternuts, walnuts, and hazelnuts, and one of chestnuts, for this was in the happy era before the chestnut blight. There would be ears of popcorn awaiting a blustery night when the children, and the oldsters, too, craved a dishpan filled with fluffy popcorn, drenched in butter and salted to a turn. This was a very nice thing to nibble on when a cold wind pawed at the windows.

There would be apples to eat, too, and nuts to crack.

There was an abundance of rich milk, with cream so thick it had to

be spooned. There was no refrigeration, but the springhouse, a cool, mossy retreat, built over a brisk and ice-cold spring, provided primitive refrigeration, summer and winter. There would be shallow pans of milk, surrounded by water. The top would be the cream, yellow and heavy.

There would also be a crock of buttermilk in the icy water and tin cups for drinking it. Flecked with the yellow of butter, it was a brew that can't be bought today. If you looked around, the chances were that you could find a crock of cottage cheese, its serene whiteness flecked with the pale green of minced chives. The cottage cheese of the good provider was salted, peppered, and graced with more than a modicum of cream, and it tasted like something to eat on a sunny day.

In season the good provider would take his gun and go into the woods, to return well-laden. He might have ruffed grouse, a couple of rabbits, maybe a half dozen fat gray and black squirrels, or some woodcock.

The good provider was top man in any rural community. He had a competent wife, one who shared his liking for good food, and made it her business to see that it was properly processed or cooked. They brought into this world a brood of robust youngsters, who knew the price of good food, paid in long hours of labor.



U.S. Farmer's Friend

*Agricultural Extension service is
providing food for tomorrow now*

By J. CAMPBELL BRUCE

IN great-grandfather's day a farmer scrabbled from dark to dark to provide food for his own family and one city dweller. Today's farmer takes life a lot easier, yet he sets *eight* plates at the city table. In the face of a steady population trend from rural to urban areas, there is plenty instead of want.

How has it been managed? Let California, whose 220 commercial crops make it the nation's most colorful agricultural quilt, answer that. Ten blades of grass now grow where one grew before; laying hens cackle oftener; dairy cows give twice the milk; beef cattle produce more and choicer meat; orchards yield bumper crops of bigger, juicier fruit; potatoes grow to incredible size.

Credit these achievements to the greatest adult-educational venture ever devised, the U.S. Agricultural Extension service. It puts a professor at the farmer's elbow, a university in his RFD box. And it has helped him pack 20 centuries of progress into the last 20 years.

The Extension service, adopted on a federal scale in 1914, grew out of our unique land-grant college system. The Morrill act of 1862 endowed state agricultural colleges through public-land grants; the Hatch act of 1887 added scientific research in agriculture; the Smith-Lever act of 1914, setting up the Agricultural Extension service, carried the results to the farm. Thus, in three stages, knowledge was put to work for the everyday needs of the people.

This off-the-campus teaching is federally sponsored, but control rests with the land-grant college, in many states still the original "ag-gie" college. In California it is the state university, and the 378 farm and home advisers, also called county agents and home-demonstration agents, are members of the faculty. Throughout the nation and in the territories of Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico a total of 13,000 agents serve the farmer.

Three levels of government actually participate. The U.S. Depart-

ment of Agriculture foots about half the bill; the state university supplies staff and research; the county provides office, clerical help, field equipment, and transportation. This setup is typical, except in a few states where some contributions are made on the local level by farmers' organizations.

Agents are trained in the agricultural school. They pass along the results of university research through office calls by farmers (more than 20 million were made in a recent year), farm visits, mail bulletins, radio talks, demonstration meetings, and test plots on willing farmers' land. Farm advisers frequently put in longer hours than the farmers they serve.

In some states the program centers wholly at the university. In California, at the very outset, the late director, B. H. Crocheron, ordered Extension to forsake its ivory tower. It would carry the college to the farmer in the field. Crocheron laid down another law. No farm adviser was to set foot on a man's land unless invited, and then only to help the farmer help himself. He knew that farmers like to be shown, not told.

Refreshingly immune to pressure of any sort, Extension has from the beginning frowned upon politics. A farm adviser must have a degree in agriculture; a home adviser, a degree in home economics. To its agents, grafting is a purely horticultural matter. A wealthy busi-

nessman acquired a run-down ranch in northern California a few years ago, and leaned heavily on the farm adviser until he got it going. Then he offered him \$250 a month "on the side" to act as consultant. "You needn't do that," he was told. "You can get all the advice you want, free."

Extension had tough going at first against the rock-walled traditions of farming methods. Early-day advisers sat through endless days without a call. They endured merciless heckling at meetings. Farmers were outspoken in their scorn, "We don't want any young whippersnapper of a college professor telling us what to do!"

When Santa Cruz county decided to try Extension, a farm spokesman gave Crocheron a warning. "We can tell the way a fellow walks across a plowed field or goes through a barbed-wire fence whether he's ever been on a farm," said the farmer. "You'd better send somebody who knows his business."

Crocheron talked it over with the young man he had picked for the adviser's job, Henry Washburn. Henry was fresh out of the University of California's College of Agriculture. "Henry," he said, "it won't make any difference what you tell those people at first, they won't believe you. But if you stay 20 years, be careful then what you say; they'll begin to believe you."

Henry grew a Vandyke beard

and went gravely to the job. When the farm spokesman next saw Crocheron he was beaming. "By golly, you couldn't have picked a better man. Keeps his eyes and ears open. Doesn't say much, but when he does he talks sense." Henry is still there, the most believed man in the county.

Adviser Tom Mayhew met constant hostility among the cattlemen of Madera county's highlands. Finally, a rancher stood up at a meeting one night and blurted out their peculiar problem. "Young man," the rancher announced, "we don't need much advice up here. We're mostly bachelors. What we need is wives." Their plight found its way into the nation's press, and Mayhew was witness to five weddings.

"That broke the ice," he recalls. "They began to look upon the adviser with awe."

A neophyte still must prove his worth: prune a tree, drive a tractor, brand a yearling. "On my first visit to a farm," says adviser Bob Ralston, "I was invited to stay overnight—what we call a 'sleeper,' a chance to demonstrate we're not just punk kids out of college. Came time for the chores, and my host said, 'Come along, I'll show you how to milk.' At the barn I asked for a pail, and kept up with his best milkers. I was in."

Today, agents influence practices on three out of four farms in the U. S. Extension has come such a

long way in the farmer's confidence that he now casts a chary eye at any new insecticide, weed killer or implement until he gets the adviser's nod of approval.

There was, for instance, stiff-backed resistance to DDT and the host of insecticides that came in its wake. Dairy owners feared that the insect-killing spray might harm their animals, and some were worried over possible bad effects on milk consumers. University research stepped in and developed ultrasafe methods of using the sprays. The farm advisers then convinced the dairymen.

Field tests can also clinch a dispute and, as in all research, luck sometimes plays a happy role. At one time the university's research men questioned the use of chemical fertilizers. Would they, if judiciously handled, burn up tubers, as was generally believed? Henry Longfellow, a Kern-county adviser, was assigned the task of testing their theory. He talked Joe O'Hannesson, an enterprising potato farmer, into lending an acre. Longfellow then set out to seed and fertilize the plot with 1,000 pounds of ammonium sulphate; but in his eagerness he used up the fertilizer on only half the acre. Imagining disaster, he called the university for help. A soil engineer there counseled: at the slightest change in color of the test vines from the rest of the field, pour on water. Longfellow kept the plot saturated,

unorthodox in itself, as too much water was considered ruinous to potatoes.

Then came the harvest, and utter amazement. The potatoes were prodigious, the plot's yield incredible. As a jest, O'Hannenson strode down Wasco's main street hawking his potatoes, laid across his arms like cordwood. Their flavor was right, but they proved unmarketable; nobody wanted log-sized spuds.

Longfellow's problem now was to find a proper dosage to produce a less colossal potato. Patience brought the method in current practice: 600 pounds of ammonium sulphate to the acre, and irrigate alternate rows on alternate days. Kern county was quickly lifted from the bottom to the nation's top in acre yield. Growers elsewhere took to chemicals, and a market that had been in short supply was soon well stocked.

Then there were the "burns" along the Sierra Nevada foothills. In Madera county alone, where the project has gone forward for five years, these man-set fires transformed 52,000 acres of worthless brushland into rich feeding range. The U.S. Forest service and the Soil Conservation service had vigorously opposed the idea: it would cause erosion; and, anyway, what would grow on the charred land?

But Extension men, convinced that they had an economic way of turning waste areas into usable

land, went ahead. They cut fire trails through brush so thick and high that it swallowed horse and rider. They picked a day for the first big burn, an August morning when temperature, humidity, and wind were right. At midmorning, ranchers started the fires with flame throwers, then rode patrol as the flames crackled through bone-dry brush.

Soon afterward, low-flying planes reseeded the blackened hills to improved varieties of grass and legumes; the warm ashes stirred life in the seeds, and the autumn rains pushed up the green blades. Extension teams now yearly supervise tremendous burns in other areas. On the marginal land thus reclaimed, now graze greater herds of cattle and sheep.

Extension also boosted meat production by its irrigated-pastures program in the semiarid regions of California's great central valley. Formerly it took ten acres to feed one steer—and only for the three spring months when the grass was green. Now one acre under irrigation feeds a steer for eight months. (Excluded are the winter months, when growth is slow.) This program, started in California 25 years ago, has spread to other states. Louisiana took to it in earnest and now runs more cattle than Wyoming.

Still a third type of reclamation, drying up waterlogged land, occupies Extension. Herman Baade, pi-

ioneer Napa-county adviser, engineered the laying of 200 miles of drainage pipe and turned idle marshes into orchards, crop fields, and pastures.

Then there's the matter of milk. Dairymen say a shortage in the big cities was forestalled by Extension's dairy-herd improvement program. Undertaken only 20 years ago, the project in California doubled the milk output of the same size herd. Dairy management did it, culling, breeding, feeding.

Vital also to the nation's market basket is Extension's work in plant pathology. Some years ago a mysterious disease ravaged California's citrus belt. New growth died. The vividly green foliage crinkled and turned pale yellow, then a ghostly white, and the tree became too anemic to produce. After countless tests, Dr. W. H. Chandler, university pomologist, diagnosed the trouble: a zinc deficiency. His remedy was simple. Tiny wedges of zinc were driven into the bark of the dying trees, and they burst back into verdant life.

Such painstaking tests are no longer necessary. University research, in California and elsewhere, came up with an ingenious method of leaf analysis that reduces diagnosis to the familiar terms of a doctor's "Stick your tongue out, please." Does your sick apple or orange tree lack boron, or copper, or potassium perhaps? Leaf analysis will soon find out. Such quick

diagnosis of plant diseases gives assurance of a more stable food supply. To make doubly sure, researchers keep developing hardy new plant varieties, resistant to the blights that sometimes desolate whole regions.

On occasion, the need for advice takes a dramatic turn. At two o'clock one morning adviser Bill Alison's phone jingled frantically. On the line was a distraught farmer. A grain elevator on the outskirts of a small town was ablaze, next to tons of ammonium-nitrate fertilizer. And the Texas City nitrate disaster was fresh in mind.

"Will our nitrate explode?" asked the farmer.

"I'm not sure," said Alison. "Stand by. I'll find out."

Alison routed a professor out of bed at Berkeley 100 miles away, and got the answer. "There are two kinds of nitrate fertilizer, one harmless. This is the explosive kind."

Alison relayed the alarm. The farmers summoned fire-fighting crews from far and wide. The headlines were robbed of another catastrophe.

Hearthwise, Extension has helped make life easier for the farm wife. The home adviser instructs volunteer leaders at demonstration meetings. They relay homemaking ideas to farm-wife groups. Last year a million group leaders over the country contributed nearly 10 million days of volunteer work.

Among other things, the advisers teach ways to beautify home and garden, and demonstrate better canning methods. Group classes in dressmaking and millinery bring city fashions to the farm.

Nor has Extension forgotten farm youth. The 4-H clubs owe their present scope and success to Extension. They had been in existence only three years, in only a few states. Then Extension absorbed the movement in 1914 as part of its teaching responsibility to the whole farm family. Extension assigned advisers specifically to do club work, and soon farm youths began copping blue ribbons at the fairs. Over the years, Extension has seen 9 million boys and girls, in more than 75,000 individual clubs, proudly wear the famous four-leaf-clover emblem.

City folk have their own agricultural troubles—aphids in the window box or a withering peach tree in the back yard. They seek out Extension advice just as eagerly. Recently, a Los Angeles radio commentator wandered into an Extension office, glanced over a rack of bulletins, and picked out one at random. It was a bulletin on control of garden pests. As a novelty, he plugged it on his 6 A.M. program for the early-rising working girl. Extension, always short of secretarial help, was swamped with 5,000 requests for the bulletin.

Extension's office on the Berkeley campus, in the San Francisco met-

ropolitan area, averages 50 phone calls a day and 500 letters a month. Requests come for advice on subjects ranging from the care of gold fish to the marketing of horehound growing wild on a back lot. It has a list of 2,000 publications.

As with all who teach, farm advisers have their share of detractors; they teach, goes the accusation, because they can't do. But the spectacular successes of the few who have left Extension for practical farming refute the skeptics. Take farm adviser Ed Sullivan, for example. During the depression, when foreclosures turned banks into real-estate concerns, a bank goaded Ed into taking over a 40-acre peach orchard. Relatives chipped in to help him meet mortgage payments and taxes until he could put his teaching into practice.

Today a millionaire, Sullivan rules over the world's largest individual peach and walnut kingdom, 3,000 acres of clings and nuts. Just to keep busy, he runs prize cattle over a few thousand other acres he picked up along the way.

Most advisers, though, imbued with teaching zeal, prefer the intangible rewards of service to the riches their talents might bring elsewhere. They know that theirs is a dedicated job, assuring food in abundance for the future. And they know that today's farmer lives better, and produces more, because he is helping himself. Nobody in Extension tells him to.

The Navy's Unsung Heroes

*The "hook runner," the "yellow shirt," and the
"hot-suit man" face death daily*

By J. F. ARNICAR

Condensed from *Flying**

NO UNSUNG fighting men more deserve recognition than the bluejackets who man the flight deck of a U.S. navy aircraft carrier. Theirs is not a spectacular heroism. Most of them have never fired a shot at the enemy, nor charged up a rocky slope in the face of overwhelming odds. Yet they know the taste of danger, for they savor it during most of their waking moments.

For instance, consider these three: 20-year-old Aviation Boatswain's Mate Carlyle E. Cash of Charlottesville, Va.; his shipmate and close buddy William G. Sully of Williams-town, Pa.; and 19-year-old Airman Richard Donovan of Emmetsburg, Iowa. They serve on the aircraft carrier *Oriskany*. Each takes more risks in a single day than most people face in a lifetime.

Carl Cash is a hook runner, the man who disengages the plane's tail hook from the arresting cable when the plane makes a carrier landing. Since a carrier deck is too short to permit a normal landing, each aircraft is equipped with a tail hook. As the plane lands, this hook catches onto one of the deck's slightly elevated cables, and is brought to a quick stop. It is Carl's job to free the hook from the cable. Then the pilot can taxi forward, to clear the landing area for the next plane. To do this, Carl must stand in an exposed position on the flight deck; and, as soon as a plane catches a wire, he must sprint toward the tail of the aircraft. He yanks the wire loose from the hook by hand, or knocks it free with a short iron bar. He must also push the tail hook against the



*366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. November, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Ziff-Davis Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

plane's fuselage so that it will not drag as the aircraft taxis forward.

The hazards of this job are such that no man is ordered to take it. He must volunteer.

A good hook runner, like Carl, must have the agility of an acrobat, the speed of a dash man, and the stamina of an Olympic decathlon champion. Above all, he must not fear for his personal safety. A fearful man errs often, and in Carl's job a mistake could be fatal.

Should the arresting cable snap under the strain of 17,000 pounds of aircraft, it would scythe across the deck and knife through bone and sinew as though they were tissue paper. An airplane might slue sideways and hit the hook runner as he dived for the wire, or the crewman might be caught in the searing blast of a jet's exhaust.

Once an eight-and-a-half-ton Douglas attack bomber bounced over the arresting wires and headed for Carl. It came faster than an express train. The whirling propeller could have reduced Carl to mincemeat in the twinkling of an eye. Carl flattened out, and let the plane pass over him. Fortunately, he was not struck by the landing gear.

On two other occasions Carl was not so lucky. Once, while attempting to kick the wire loose from the tail hook of a twin-jet F2H *Banshee*, he received severe burns on his back. The jet pods on the *Ban-*

shee are located in each wing, and the hook runner must wriggle along the deck like a snake to reach the hook. Carl didn't stay low enough.

The second mishap occurred as he charged toward an F9F *Panther* jet fighter. The plane suddenly whipped sideways, caught him in mid-stride and bowled him over. His cuts and bruises healed quickly, but it was six weeks before the doctors removed the cast from his left wrist.

Very often a plane returns to the carrier with "hung" bombs on its wing racks, bombs which the pilot could not shake loose. When the plane lands, the bombs can jar loose and tumble up the flight deck. It was just such an incident that gave Carl what he considers his narrowest escape in two years as a hook runner. A 250-pound bomb shook loose from an F4U *Corsair* and exploded under the wing of the plane. Carl was standing only 75 feet from the blast, but wasn't even singed, though two others were killed and 15 injured.

The multiple dangers of Carl's job apply also to his shipmate, Bill Sully, one of the flight-deck elite, a "yellow shirt."

A yellow shirt is a plane director, the man who signals the pilots where to taxi, when to stop. He controls the direction and speed of travel by hand signals. He also directs plane-handling crews as they move aircraft into position for take-

off, or re-spot them after landing. He has generally been a "plane pusher" himself, and can jockey a bulky plane into a parking space where there is only an inch or two clearance on either side.

Bill's station on the flight deck is as fully exposed as Carl's, and he works hand-in-glove with the hook runner. It is he who directs the pilot to hold his plane while the hook runner releases the arresting cable and gives the signal to taxi forward when the hook is free. Bill, too, has had more than his share of narrow escapes while performing this seemingly routine job.

He recalls the time he had to dive headfirst into a gun tub 10 feet below the flight-deck level when the tail hook of an F9F *Panther* jet snapped off and the plane chased him over the side. He came out with a whole skin, except for a few patches here and there and multiple bruises. He has also dodged bombs and rockets, but was fortunately not on duty the day the 250-pound bomb took its dreadful toll of his shipmates on the *Oriskany* flight deck. His usual station is only 30 feet from the spot where the bomb exploded.

Airman Richard Donovan is the *Oriskany's* "hot-suit man." Unlike Carl Cash or Bill Sully, Dick is in very little peril unless an emergency arises. Then, instead of diving for the nearest refuge, he plunges headlong into trouble. Whenever an aircraft overshoots the landing area

and hurtles into the crash barriers, or plows into the ship's island structure or parked aircraft and catches fire, Dick is the first man on the scene. Incased in an asbestos suit, he wades through burning gasoline and oil to fight the fire.

The high spot of Dick's career was his rescue of Lieut. Edwin Kummer from the bomb-blasted and flaming ruins of an F4U *Corsair* on the *Oriskany* flight deck. It was Kummer's plane that loosed the 250-pound bomb which was responsible for the recent *Oriskany* tragedy. When the bomb exploded a mere 15 feet from the cockpit, the blast ripped the left wing off the plane, shredded the fuselage, and set the aircraft afire. Lieutenant Kummer slumped unconscious in the cockpit with shrapnel wounds in shoulder and knee. As the flames crept toward the cockpit, Dick Donovan vaulted up on the wing of the plane, cut Kummer loose from his parachute harness, and carried him to safety. Dick then helped bring the fire under control.

Donovan, Cash, and Sully are representative of the scores of brave bluejackets who make up the gasoline and arresting-gear crews, the repair and fire-fighting parties, and the plane-director and plane-handling teams aboard a fast attack carrier. Not only do they often labor 16 and 18 hours a day and brave a thousand and one lesser perils, but their risk of serious injury and death is routine.

The O'Dwyer case prompts discussion of the

Facts on Marriage Annulments

By WARREN HALL

Condensed from the *American Weekly**

FORMER Ambassador William O'Dwyer and Sloan Simpson O'Dwyer, who obtained a Church separation, have applied to ecclesiastical authorities for an annulment of their marriage. Meanwhile, apparently, Sloan, or a lawyer acting in her behalf, obtained a Mexican civil divorce.

When this news came out, Sloan claimed that the divorce had been sought without her knowledge. As for Mr. O'Dwyer, he said that he still considered Sloan his wife, civil divorce or no civil divorce. He indicated that the only solution acceptable to him would be the one the Church might, or might not, find.

The next move was up to the ecclesiastical authorities. Their procedure in such cases is a complete mystery to many people, including numerous Catholics. For the facts, Dr. Stephan Kuttner, professor of canon law at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., was approached. Much of what follows is based on information obtained from him.

Suppose a couple has gone through a marriage ceremony in the Catholic Church. Later, they

wish to dissolve their union. They confront problems on two fronts. They have to conform to the customs and laws of both Church and state, and, unfortunately, these customs and laws usually do not coincide exactly. Both Church and state, each for its own reasons, will grant marital separations and annulment decrees. But the Church neither grants nor recognizes divorce in any circumstances.

Taking the Church's point of view, Mr. O'Dwyer already has acknowledged the fact that Sloan and he are separated. Their case was decided by a clerical court, presided over by Archbishop Luis Maria Martinez, of Mexico City. He authorized "separation from bed and board."

Now, Mexican ecclesiastical authorities apparently are studying the question of whether the O'Dwyers should be granted an annulment decree. In the meantime, the O'Dwyers still have the state to consider.

For the dissolution of their union to be completely effective on both sides, religious and civil, they must have not only a Church annulment but also an annulment, or divorce,

*63 Vesey St., New York City 7. Oct. 25, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Hearst Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

from the state. Evidently it was with this in mind that Sloan, or her Mexican attorney, or both, went ahead with the divorce.

The Church recognizes the necessity of such procedure. Although refusing to recognize divorce, it does not bar a Catholic from seeking one, provided he first obtains permission of his bishop. In fact, it may even require him to get a civil decree before the ecclesiastical decision becomes final. There is no indication that such advice was given Mrs. O'Dwyer, although it may have been.

Church courts are composed of priests who have been trained in canon law and often in civil law. They are made up of judges and other officers, including the promoter of justice, whose position is somewhat similar to that of a prosecuting attorney, and the defender of the bond, whose duty it is to defend the validity of the union.

Evidence is taken from principals, witnesses, and other sources. Frequently the resulting decision is appealed. If the appellate court concurs, the case often ends there. If it disagrees, an appeal to the highest appellate court is in order.

In the eyes of the Church, only death can dissolve the valid and consummated marriage of two persons either of whom has been baptized. However, a marriage may be judged invalid, and therefore null, on a number of grounds.

Many people think that annul-

ments are merely the somewhat more cumbersome way in which Catholics "get a divorce." They aren't. If the ecclesiastical court hands down a sentence which "affirms that the nullity of the marriage in question has been established," it does not dissolve a marriage bond. It finds that such a bond never was in existence, that the marriage never was a valid union. From the Church viewpoint, the parties are not free to "remarry"; they are free to marry for the first time. However, if either party entered the marriage in good faith, the children of the union are considered legitimate.

The highest percentage of cases heard today by the courts of the Church has to do with lack of consent of either or both parties at the time of the marriage. (Newspapermen in Mexico City were told off the record that the O'Dwyer case hinges on "a flaw in the consent of Sloan Simpson.") No marriage the Church considers valid can come into being without bride and groom mutually, freely, and knowingly declaring their irrevocable intention to take each other for man and wife.

The famous case of Consuelo Vanderbilt hinged on an alleged violation of this condition. When she was 17, Consuelo was in love with a young New York blue blood, but her mother, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, insisted that she marry the Duke of Marlborough, on

whom her father had agreed to settle \$2½ million, and \$100,000 a year.

A quarter of a century later, after they had two children, Consuelo and the duke separated. They tried a reconciliation, finally got a divorce, and she married again. Then the Sacred Rota, highest tribunal of appeal in the Catholic Church, was asked to pass upon the circumstances of her first marriage. The request was made because Marlborough desired it, and she wanted her second union, to a French cavalry colonel, sanctioned by the Church.

Her mother, Consuelo testified, had kept her prisoner in her room with guards on watch. Mrs. Vanderbilt, it was claimed, also had announced that she had a weak heart and that Consuelo's "undutiful" opposition would probably cause her death. On top of this, she vowed that if Consuelo eloped, she, Mrs. Vanderbilt, would kill the bridegroom and be hanged for the crime, and in that case the daughter would be responsible for her mother's death.

There was ample evidence to corroborate Consuelo's story. An annulment was granted.

Because of the publicity given to cases in which the principals are socially prominent, it is often charged that only the rich can afford to sue for annulment. This is not true. In the Vanderbilt plea, the expenses of the first trial in England were \$42 and the fees of

the trial before the Rota about \$200. About a third of the cases are handled without any fees because the petitioners are too poor to pay.

But, rich or poor, applicants for an annulment have less than an even chance. Last year almost two-thirds of the Rota's decisions in matrimonial cases upheld the validity of the marriage.

The Vanderbilt case, which began with a Protestant ceremony, emphasized the little-known fact that the Catholic Church considers its jurisdiction established whenever both or one of the parties are baptized Christians, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. As a rule, however, such cases come before Catholic courts only if one participant wishes to marry a Catholic or to become a Catholic.

Lack of consent is not the only flaw that can make a marriage void. One group of reasons for annulment concerns the form of the marriage. Today all Catholics are bound, as a rule, to contract marriages before a duly authorized priest and two witnesses. It was because Sloan Simpson, a Catholic, was married outside the Church that her first marriage to Carroll Dewey Hipp was annulled.

Another group of reasons barring a valid marriage includes insufficient age (16 years for boys, 14 for girls), impotency, existence of a valid prior marriage, disparity of worship (as in a marriage between a Catholic and an unbaptized per-

son), certain aggravated cases of adultery, close kinship (including stepfather and stepdaughter, in-laws, etc.), spiritual relationship (as between a godparent and god-child), and being in Holy Orders or having solemn Religious vows.

Annulment cases usually originate in the diocese in which the principals live. If the decision is against an annulment, it may be appealed by either of the principals; if it is for an annulment, the defender of the bond is required by law to appeal. Appeals usually go to the court of the archbishop.

When the court of appeal upholds the lower court, the case usually ends, and if both decisions are for an annulment the parties are free to marry. If the appellate court reverses the lower court, the case is sure to be taken to the Rota either by the principals or by the defender of the bond.

The Rota, which the O'Dwyer case may or may not reach, came into being in the 13th century, but its present organization and procedure was established by Pope Pius X in 1908. It probably received its name (*rota* is Latin for *wheel*) because during its formative period the members sat at a circular bench. Originally it handled a great variety of disputes, but today more than 90% of its cases relate to matrimonial matters.

The Rota has 16 members, including the dean, or presiding justice, at present a Frenchman. The

others, called auditors, include two Americans, Msgr. Francis J. Brennan from Philadelphia and Msgr. William J. Doheny, former head of the law school at Notre Dame university. One of the auditors is from Great Britain, and one each is from Spain, France, Poland, and Germany. The others are Italians.

The dean assigns each case to a bench of three judges, called a *Turnus*. The decision of the *Turnus* is not necessarily final, however, as was demonstrated in another case that had wide publicity.

Anna, daughter of the famous American railroad magnate, Jay Gould, had divorced Count Boni de Castellane, of France, and wed the Prince de Sagan. The validity of the first marriage was, by special permission of the Pope, tried directly by the Rota. Had Anna had divorce in the back of her mind or had she given valid consent?

The *Turnus*, hearing the case, decided that she had validly consented, but the verdict was appealed. Another *Turnus* reversed the earlier sentence, finding the marriage null. On the appeal of the defender of the bond, a third *Turnus* decided the marriage was valid, and that ended the case.

Sloan Simpson O'Dwyer expressed the hope that she could "get all this business over with" soon. But she may have to wait quite a while, because the wheels of the Church grind slowly and exceedingly fine.

If's and But's About Smoking

A sensible attitude based on medical research will tell you whether to stop

By
HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

Condensed from
*Family Doctor**

SHOULD you really stop smoking? Not even doctors agree on this question. If your doctor is a nonsmoker he may ask you to stop smoking. If your doctor is a heavy smoker, as I am myself, he probably won't. Cigarettes do him no harm, and he tends to think they will do you no harm.

Doctors are much more aware than most people of the limitations of medicine. Medicine is still more of an art than a science. Few problems in medicine have a complete scientific answer. And many problems still have no simple, complete answer. Smoking and what it does to you is one of those problems.

Since guinea pigs don't smoke, and only men and women do, it is difficult to sort out what smoking is doing to the human body from what eating, breathing, drinking, and merely living are doing, all at the same time. In a laboratory we can control everything that



happens to a guinea pig. We can't do this with people. All that we can do is to accumulate facts and figures and experiments and see if they make sense.

Some of the figures look impressive at first glance. Disease of the coronary arteries, the arteries which supply the heart muscle itself, is on the increase. So three doctors looked at coronary disease from the point of

view of smoking. For men between the ages of 40 and 49, this is what they found. There was evidence of coronary disease in 1% of non-smokers, in 4.6% of moderate smokers, in 6.9% of heavy smokers.

This looks significant but it means little or nothing. The kind of man who gets a coronary thrombosis before the age of 50 is the kind of man who smokes a lot, eats too little, works too hard, and plays golf on week ends.

Here are some facts which are not in dispute. They can be checked in any laboratory. Smoking makes

*A publication of the British Medical Association. BMA House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C. 1. Copyright 1953, and reprinted with permission.

your blood pressure rise by about 15 millimeters; increases your pulse rate by about eight beats a minute; and makes your skin temperature fall.

These effects don't last very long and they are all due to the same process, a contraction of the smaller blood vessels. Such contraction is brought about by nicotine stimulating the suprarenal glands to release adrenalin. Soon after your cigarette has been stubbed out, everything goes back to normal. Obviously, however, in somebody who already has a disease of the heart or blood vessels, the symptoms may be aggravated by nicotine. But there is no proof that tobacco causes any kind of heart disease.

There is proof, however, that tobacco will aggravate the symptoms of certain kinds of disease of heart or blood vessels. This is not common but it does happen in some persons. Then the only advice any doctor can give is to stop smoking. This advice is ruefully but readily accepted where the patient knows from experience that even one cigarette may bring on an acute attack of pain.

Where the effect of cigarettes or a pipe is not so certain, doctors usually advise a period of abstinence, just to see if it has any effect or not. If it makes no difference, you can start smoking again. If you feel better when you refrain, then it is wiser to stop.

It is important to stop smoking

when there is disease of the blood vessels known as thromboangiitis obliterans. Again, there is no proof that tobacco causes this disease. But there is proof that smoking makes it worse and that the disease will be arrested only when smoking is stopped.

Nicotine also has the effect of slowing down the movements of the stomach. Even one cigarette will stave off the pangs of hunger, at least for a while, simply by reducing the hunger contractions.

When you stop smoking after being a fairly heavy smoker, the stomach becomes more active. Your appetite is better and you feel hungry more often. So you eat more and you put on weight. You can reach a point in the overweight scale where your life will be shortened more certainly by your excess of fat than it ever would have been by the cigarettes you gave up.

Smoking has very little to do with gastric or duodenal ulcers. It certainly does not cause the ulcers, and in most patients smoking has no effect one way or the other on the symptoms. Here again, however, there are some few people whose indigestion and other symptoms improve more rapidly if they don't smoke. If you have an ulcer or indeed any kind of indigestion, it never does any harm to stop smoking for a few weeks. See if you feel better with or without cigarettes, and act accordingly.

One condition that is caused by excessive smoking is a form of blindness. Tobacco amblyopia is said to be due to two factors. Smoking is the important factor and malnutrition is the less important one. But sensitivity in this respect varies greatly from one person to the next. If it is diagnosed early enough and if the sufferer stops smoking and eats a better-balanced diet, recovery is usually complete. Tobacco amblyopia was much more common 50 years ago than it is today, perhaps owing to the greater care now taken in preparation and fermentation of the tobacco leaf.

There is a real association between smoking and cancer of the lung. It is not the only factor. Non-smokers do get cancer of the lung. But smoking definitely increases the risk of dying of lung cancer.

Cancer of the lung is not connected with any particular occupation. Neither is it connected with any special income group. Rich smokers and poor smokers are equally in danger from it. There are more cases of lung cancer in the town than in the country. This seems to be due to air pollution by chimney smoke. Lung-cancer

cases do not seem to have had more attacks of pneumonia or chronic bronchitis than people not suffering from lung cancer. But the risk of death from cancer of the lung increases in direct proportion to the amount of tobacco smoked. Whether you inhale or not doesn't make any difference. Whether you roll your own cigarettes or smoke the manufactured variety doesn't make any difference.

What does seem to make a difference is any device that will filter out some of the substances in tobacco smoke before it reaches your lungs. Thus, pipe and cigar smokers seem significantly free from cancer of the lung. This may be due to the fact that their smoke is filtered before it reaches them. For cigarette smokers, using a holder does seem to cut down on the risk and so does smoking filter-tipped cigarettes.

Considering all the facts and figures, three things are clear. 1. Not smoking never did anybody any harm at all. 2. Smoking in moderation does little or no harm. 3. Smoking more than, say, 25 cigarettes a day or its equivalent in pipe tobacco may lead to trouble.

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AT AN international medical convention, a British surgeon claimed that brain surgery was the most difficult of all operations. An American argued with him, saying that a heart operation is the hardest.

They turned to a Russian for his opinion. "Tonsillectomy," he said. "They've done such a good job teaching people to keep their mouths shut in Russia that you have to perform the operation through the ear."

Christian Democratic Newsletter.

The UN Can Succeed

Catholics have a big role, says a former delegate

By JEROME D'SOUZA, S.J.

Condensed from *Jubilee**

Father D'Souza was a member of India's delegation to the UN in 1949 and 1951.

THE FEELING is growing that the United Nations is incapable of effective work. Armaments have increased. Aggression has not been prevented. Violation of treaties goes on as before.

Worse still, the UN seems to give the communists a splendid propaganda platform. Their repeated accusations do not fail to make some impression on neutral countries. The Asian and colonial peoples are not indifferent to Russia's claim to be the champion of the "victims of imperialism."

Russia has repeatedly vetoed UN measures. With her veto she keeps Catholic powers like Ireland, Italy, and Spain out of the UN. She is even suspected of using the UN to foster 5th-column activities in the U.S. and to secure international protection for American officials tainted with communism.

Some UN objectives seem to imply the power to limit national

sovereignty and bind the U.S. to agreements which Congress would be morally obliged to accept. The Bricker amendment, which has received considerable support in Congress, is intended to limit the power of the President to make such agreements.

The activities of some of the UN's affiliated agencies often conflict with Catholic opinion. The World Health Organization (WHO) includes men and women who tried, without success, to secure a majority vote in favor of birth control at WHO's plenary session two years ago. UNESCO gets even sharper criticism. Its publications have been accused of weakening patriotism among young people. One or two states in America have already banned their use in schools.

Lastly, the drawn-out Korean war seems to demonstrate the UN's incapacity to end aggression quickly.

For all these reasons, there is a feeling that if the UN is to do good work some radical change is necessary. Herbert Hoover has suggested

*377 4th Ave., New York City 16. October, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the A.M.D.G. Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

that it might be better to reconstitute the UN and exclude the Soviet bloc. The late Senator Taft declared that the U.S. might have to bypass the UN and "go it alone."

What should Catholics think of all this? Let me say at once that if we want to include in the UN only those who agree on international questions, there is no need to have a costly organization at all. Ordinary diplomatic channels would be enough to settle our problems.

If, indeed, such an organization were set up, it would look like a full-dress alliance against the Soviet bloc. It would breed more mutual suspicion and increase sevenfold the chances of war. It is the very existence of divergent points of view and the clash of interests among nations which make a world organization necessary. However sharp the controversies, an international organization gives people a chance to talk over their differences before taking action.

The world is shrinking. The political implications of this fact are important. It means that no nation can any longer act in isolation; that the activity of any state will have repercussions on the rest of the world. It will be difficult if not impossible to localize future wars. When we think of the mass annihilation which a global war implies, we must realize that it would be contrary to the spirit of Christianity if we did not make every ef-

fort to rule out the likelihood of such a war. We must work doggedly for some form of world government. I do not mean a world government without nationalities and patriotism, but a central world authority to ensure the reign of law among nations.

In the spiritual order, in the realm of God, that ideal of world government is realized in the Church. The Church is both international and supranational. It has authority. It makes full allowance for the claims of national autonomy in government. It permits the widest diversity of cultures under the sternest uniformity of faith and morals. Though it has a unitary government, it is also, in a real sense, a "world federation of Churches."

What has been achieved in the realm of God is also possible in the realm of Caesar. If it is right to pray and toil for the ideal of "one fold and one Shepherd," it cannot be ignoble to strive for "one world."

The Church has encouraged all efforts at international cooperation. Pope Pius XII has spoken with cordial approval of the efforts of those striving for a world government. And with all its defects and shortcomings, the UN is the beginning of world government. A fair evaluation of what it has achieved will show that it has not been the total failure that some make it out to be.

Among the earliest cases referred

to the UN was the presence of British and French troops in Syria and Lebanon, and of Russian troops in Iran. The action of the UN led to the withdrawal of the soldiers. Another major accomplishment was settlement of the dispute between Indonesia and Holland. Kashmir was another trouble spot. A clash between India and Pakistan might have led to a world war. Mediation by the UN led to a cease-fire.

The Arab-Israeli clash in Palestine four years ago was one of the most dangerous of postwar events. The Middle East's immense oil resources make it a focus of worldwide economic interests. The Arab-Israeli war might have touched off a world war easily. It was the intervention of the UN which saved the world from this catastrophe. As far as it went, the pacification of Palestine represents one of the UN's highest achievements. Lastly, the gravest of all postwar threats to peace, the Berlin blockade, was ended by negotiations in which the UN played an important part.

The Korean war seemed to many Americans to demonstrate the ineffectiveness of the UN. But we must remember that this is the first instance in which the principle of collective security has been acted upon on an imposing scale. But for the intervention of the UN, communist aggression in Asia might have claimed many more victims.

The UN work in relieving the

needs of refugees has been warmly praised by the Holy See. The Children's Emergency Fund (UNICEF) has helped millions of children suffering from disease and undernourishment.

These are examples of the non-political activity of the UN which do not occupy the headlines. Then there is the work of the International Court. There are the achievements of the Trusteeship Council, which watches over the progress of non-self-governing territories.

Most important of all, however, is the work of the Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC) and its affiliated agencies. WHO has its agents and doctors working in all backward countries. They contribute most effectively to the suppression of malaria, tuberculosis, and the swift epidemics which take such a heavy toll of life in Asia and Africa.

The Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) has done great work in promoting better food production and better distribution. The International Labor Organization (ILO), the oldest of the specialized agencies, has a great record of work on behalf of the working class and has inspired most of the labor legislation of modern times. UNESCO has a vast program of cultural exchange among the advanced countries and a program of assistance to the backward countries. UNESCO's fight to spread literacy is one of the biggest achievements of any of the affiliated agencies.

Among agencies which have a consultative status with ECOSOC, there are important Catholic organizations like the Catholic International Union for Social Service, International Catholic Press union, the International Union of Catholic Women's Leagues, Pax Romana, Young Christian Workers (JOC), Childhood International Catholic office, St. Joan's International Social and Political alliance, and the World Federation of Catholic Young Women and Girls. Most of these associations coordinate their activities through an annual Conference of Catholic International Organizations, in which the Holy See takes the greatest interest.

The basic weakness of the UN is its lack of power to enforce majority decisions. This is not due to the veto alone. Even without the veto, nations can refuse to implement decisions; or they can boycott a meeting where a question affecting them is discussed.

Israel and Jordan have not carried out the resolution on the internationalization of Jerusalem. Roumania, Bulgaria, and Czechoslovakia have not repatriated the Greek children in their custody. South Africa has paid no attention to the resolutions on the treatment meted out to people of Indian descent in its territories, and has boycotted several meetings in which this was discussed. France has boycotted the meetings on the Moroccan and Tunisian questions.

Even when there is a resolution for collective action obligatory on all members, nations which object can content themselves with "formal aid." This was seen in the case of Korea, where the U.S. had to bear the brunt of the fighting.

Thus far, Russia alone has exercised the veto. It is conceivable, though, that England, France, and the U.S. may have to exercise it if a majority of the smaller powers take a decision which the electorates of the large powers will not approve. A commission including representatives of the great powers, appointed to study the question four years ago, did not recommend total suppression of the veto. That is an effective way to safeguard the special position and responsibility of the great powers.

The League of Nations made no provision for a veto. The result was that the Great Powers which could not accept a majority decision left the league one after another, Japan, Italy, Germany. The league collapsed.

The framers of the UN constitution thought it better to permit the blocking of some measures than to risk the breakup of the entire organization. "If we cannot agree on all matters, let us at least agree to remain together for the matters on which we are in accord," they seemed to say. The veto is an evil, but a necessary evil at present. It will go when there is a greater international cooperation based upon

more evolved international law accepted by all.

The UN is ineffective because it has no compelling sanction. Here we touch the heart of the problem. Modern nationalism has tended to go to the extreme of making the national will the supreme guide of policy.

Excessive nationalism is not Christian; it is pagan. There is in it an element of worldliness and pride which the Church can never approve. Effective international co-operation and the evolution toward a world government imply necessarily some surrender of national sovereignty, just as they imply abandonment of isolationism.

But obviously the surrender will never be made if it is felt that it is made to an alien ruling authority. It will be possible only when the international agency is looked upon not as a ruling agency but as a judicial agency. It will undoubtedly need a police force to enforce its judgments. But its ultimate sanction will be the sanctity of a universally accepted law based on absolute and unquestionable spiritual values and the moral law.

It is the tragedy of our times that the rise of communist power has broken the spiritual unanimity necessary for this rule of law. It is useless to blame the UN for failing to show a unity which does not ex-

ist. The disunity is not of the UN's making. The UN is one of the important instruments which must help restore the sense of human solidarity.

Catholics should promote the ideals of the UN. For this we must ally ourselves with all men of good will who believe in God and the primacy of the moral law.

But within the UN itself Catholics have an opportunity, the fullness and extent of which they are not aware. A very large proportion of the smaller nations who are members of the UN are Catholic countries. The Catholic states of Europe and America make a big total. There are also Protestant or partly Catholic nations like the U.S., Canada, Holland, and England, and some of the Middle Eastern nations like Syria and Lebanon, which send out a number of Catholic delegates. When fair representation is given to all the nations which have not yet been admitted into the UN, probably 50% of the delegates will be Catholics.

If the Catholic groups in every country see to it that their representatives are men of faith and idealism, firm in their grasp of principles and clear in their vision of the goal, then there is no limit to the magnificent work which Catholics can achieve for international peace.



A friend is a present you give yourself.— Robert Louis Stevenson.

Would You Be a Good Boss?

Test yourself and find out

By ALFRED R. LATEINER
Condensed from the *Rotarian**



DO YOU WONDER what kind of boss you are, or would make? Being a competent boss is not as easy as it seems. A good boss must combine fairness with firmness and must know how to be friendly without inviting familiarity. He must be psychologist, teacher, judge, and administrator, all in one.

Here are ten typical situations in which a boss might find himself. How would you solve them? Check off *one* choice under each question. Then turn to the answer key at the end of this article to find the right solutions as well as the reasons why they are correct.

1. You are office manager in an insurance firm. You are required to train a new filing clerk who has never used your firm's particular type of filing system before. Since the job calls for speed as well as for accuracy, would you

(a) Train her for speed and pick up her errors later?

(b) Allow *her* to decide whether to emphasize speed or accuracy?

(c) Concentrate on accuracy and

then get her to develop more speed?

(d) Tell her to reorganize the files in keeping with the system she already knows?

2. As a production supervisor in an electrical-manufacturing plant, you are asked by another supervisor to lend him two men for several days, to help him break a production bottleneck in his section. You have the authority to do this without checking with your superior, the plant manager. There is no danger that your sacrifice will create a bottleneck in your section, although it will be inconvenient. The supervisor who made the request is your competitor for promotion. What would you do?

(a) Turn down the request?

(b) Lend him the men?

(c) Tell him to send a formal request to the plant manager?

(d) Lend him the men and send a memo to the plant manager pointing out how the other supervisor's mistakes caused the bottleneck in the first place?

*35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill. November, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Rotary International, and reprinted with permission.

3. You are head of the accounting department in a large retail store. One morning you walk into your department to find your subordinates clustered about two female employees who are engaged in a heated personal argument. If you interfere, you may find yourself squarely in the middle of the battle. What action would you take?

(a) Ask both parties to step into your private office and try to settle the argument?

(b) Order them to return to their desks and finish the dispute after working hours?

(c) Return to your office and avoid becoming embroiled, since the argument concerns personal matters?

(d) Remain in the background, but have one of the women involved transferred to another department immediately?

4. As foreman in a machine-tool company, you were given a supply of safety goggles which you have neglected to issue to your men. During an inspection tour, the president of the company notices that the employees aren't wearing goggles. Imprudently, within earshot of your subordinates, he demands to know the reason. Should you

(a) Tell him you were busy on production matters and thought the assistant foreman had issued them?

(b) Admit publicly that you were in error?

(c) Say nothing in front of the men, but later admit to the president in private that you were in error?

(d) Explain that you didn't issue the goggles, knowing from past experience that the men would refuse to wear them because they were uncomfortable?

5. You are sales manager for a food concern. One of your salesmen complains that another salesman who has been with the firm a shorter time has been given a better territory. You try to explain that there is little difference between the two territories, but he refuses to be convinced. He accuses you of playing favorites. What would you do?

(a) Tell him you have final say in such matters and that if he doesn't agree with your decision, he is welcome to resign?

(b) Fire him on the spot?

(c) Avoid further argument, and agree to reassign the territories?

(d) Offer to appear with him before the head of the firm for a discussion of the difference of opinion?

6. The office manager in charge of the stenographic department in a credit agency intends to resign and marry. As head of the firm, you are faced with the problem of choosing her successor. Finally you narrow down the field to three employees in the department. One girl's outstanding quality is her efficiency as a stenographer. A sec-

ond is a competent stenographer, although not so fast as the first. However, she is the only college graduate. A third girl, accurate, but slower than the first two, commands the most respect and gets co-operation from co-workers. Would you choose

- (a) The fastest stenographer?
- (b) The girl with the college degree?
- (c) The third girl who knows how to handle people?
- (d) Someone from the outside?

7. As shipping supervisor for a drug manufacturer, you have been forced to reprimand a young shipping clerk for slackness on the job. What action, if any, should you take after reprimanding him?

(a) Make it clear that you're going to keep your eye on him and be tough in the future?

(b) Look for the first sign of improvement in his work and praise him?

(c) Invite him out for a cup of coffee and a heart-to-heart talk?

(d) Say nothing to him unless you're forced to?

8. You are head of an advertising agency. You have given strict orders that employees' personal calls are to be made from a pay station in the lobby so that the office telephones will be left free for business calls. One noon, you return from lunch to find your secretary at the office phone discussing a new dress. This is the first time, as far as you know, that she has violated a com-

pany rule in her five years with the firm. Would you

(a) Remind her of the rule against personal calls?

(b) Pretend you did not overhear the call?

(c) Eliminate the rule against personal calls?

(d) Act displeased for the rest of the afternoon so she'll get the point?

9. As president of an export-import firm, you are approached by an employee who seeks your opinion on what to do about his mother-in-law, who has moved in with him and is creating family difficulties. Would you

(a) Tell him that although you're his boss, you're not concerned with his personal problems?

(b) Listen to the facts and give him your opinion as to the proper course of action?

(c) Listen and ask questions, but let him reach his own conclusions and make his own decision?

(d) Pat him on the back sympathetically and assure him that everyone has problems?

10. You are public-relations director for a big dairy-products company; you have just hired a new assistant. You give him an assignment that should take two weeks to complete. Several days go by, and although he hasn't consulted with you nor asked questions, he appears to be hard at work. Should you

(a) Let him continue without

interruption, assuming that he'll ask for help if he wants it?

(b) Ask him how he's doing, and if he replies that he's getting along well, allow him to continue alone?

(c) Suggest you'd like to go over the work with him that he's already done?

(d) Ask another employee in the department to check up "secretly" on the new assistant's work and report back to you?

Answers

Nine or ten correct answers indicate that you have a sound grasp of the principles of supervision and probably would make an excellent boss.

A score of six to eight correct shows a fair understanding of how to handle employees. With a bit more practical experience you should make a competent boss.

Less than six means that you need considerable more leadership training and experience before you could hope to assume the responsibility of bossing others. The answers follow.

1. (c) In any kind of training, accuracy and proper working habits should be stressed first. Speed comes with experience.

2. (b) A company's success depends on the work of many departments. Since teamwork is essential, a supervisor's ability is judged as much on his cooperation with other departments as by the

production record of his own section.

3. (a) Any situation that interrupts production or service automatically becomes the boss's problem and requires immediate action.

4. (b) A supervisor who candidly admits his error sets a good example for his subordinates and wins their respect and loyalty.

5. (d) A dictatorial setup is always bad for employee morale. It adds to a worker's sense of security to know that he has recourse to the "big boss," who acts as a court of appeals.

6. (c) Leadership ability is more important in a supervisor than either speed as a worker or educational qualifications.

7. (b) Recognizing a worker's good points after reprimanding him shows him that you're not carrying a grudge because of his past mistakes.

8. (a) A boss should never "look the other way" when violations occur. Toleration implies approval and encourages repetition in the future.

9. (c) A boss should try to help employees with personal problems. But he must refrain from making decisions for them.

10. (c) Very often new employees will blunder along with the idea that asking for help is a sign of incompetence. Realizing this, the boss should tactfully review a job's progress, since he is also responsible for results.

Religious Tolerance Among Americans

*The 25th of a series on the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey
of religion in the U.S.*

RESPECT for the religious conscience of others is the very foundation stone of religious tolerance. In its scientific study of the attitudes of the three great religious denominations in this country, Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey has uncovered much evidence that the American policy of complete freedom of religion is on the whole working out very successfully. On the great issues confronting Americans today, the survey has found far more agreement than disagreement, far more amity than tension among the 104 million Americans 18 years of age and older who express preference for either the Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish faith.

Coming now to the heart of the matter, the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey put this question to Americans: "Compared with most people of your own religious beliefs, would you say that most (Catholics, Protestants, Jews) are about the same, better, or not as good in respecting the beliefs of others?"

Protestants as viewed by Catholics and Jews. Of the 23.7 million Catholics in this country, 79% thought that Protestants showed as much respect for the religious be-

liefs of others as Catholics did. A mere 10% thought Protestants less tolerant than Catholics, while 1% thought Protestants *more* tolerant, on the whole, than their fellow Catholics. Some 2,370,000 Catholics (10%) were undecided on the point.

When the same question was put to the 3.5 million American Jews, 77% replied that Protestants are just as tolerant as Jews, while 3% thought that Protestants are more tolerant than Jews. Only 8% of the Jews thought that Protestants are less tolerant than Jews, and 12% couldn't make up their minds.

Catholics as viewed by Protestants and Jews. When the 71.1 million American Protestants were asked if they thought that Catholics are just as tolerant of other religions as Protestants themselves, only 48% answered Yes. Some 35% replied frankly that they did not consider Catholics as tolerant as most Protestants, and 15% were undecided.

The fact that Catholics emphatically deny that "one religion is as good as another," and the fact that Catholics are forbidden to participate in non-Catholic religious services may lead to some misunder-

standing on the part of Protestants. Catholics would do well to make it clear that their religion teaches them to respect the judgments of the individual conscience in all matters. Catholics believe that, in the final analysis, each soul is judged by God alone. Even a confessor may not overrule the individual judgment of conscience made by a penitent. Catholics are, of course, commanded by their Church to make every effort to arrive at a correct judgment in moral matters, but the integrity of the individual conscience is always acknowledged by the Church. Catholics are not only free to respect the religious consciences of others; they are bound to respect them, if they wish to be good Catholics.

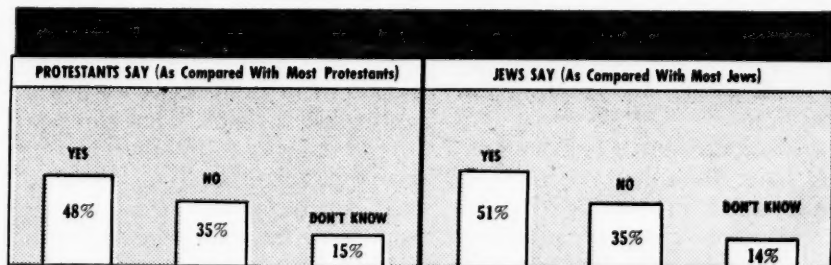
However, 2% of the Protestants reported that they thought that Catholics are more tolerant than most Protestants, as compared with the 1% of the Catholics who thought Protestants the more tolerant.

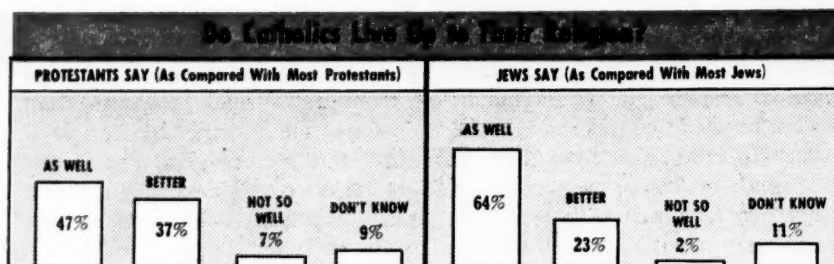
When the 3.5 million American Jews were asked how tolerant they thought Catholics are, more than

half (51%) replied that they thought Catholics just as tolerant as Jews. None of the Jews regarded Catholics as more tolerant than others of their own belief, and 35% (the same percentage as Protestants on the question) said they thought that Catholics on the whole do not show as much religious toleration as Jews. Some 14% of the Jews could not arrive at a decision.

Jews as viewed by Protestants and Catholics. Of the 71.1 million American Protestants, 56%, or 39,816,000 of them, thought that most Jews are just as tolerant as most Protestants. Some 2% regarded Jews as actually more tolerant than Protestants, and only 15% felt that Jews are less tolerant.

However, some 27% couldn't make up their minds on the question, an unusually high percentage of indecision. Catholics were even more inclined to trust in the tolerance of their Jewish neighbors, with 69% of the 23.7 million American adult Catholics replying that Jews were on the whole just as tolerant as Catholics. Only 10% of the Catholics thought that Jews are less





tolerant than themselves, and 2% thought that Jews are more tolerant of other religious beliefs than Catholics. Yet 19% of the Catholics could not decide.

All three great religious groups showed an unusually high percentage of indecision on this question. No doubt many of us are unwilling to commit ourselves on such a sensitive matter, especially since, before the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey was made, there was very little specific data to go on.

The CATHOLIC DIGEST survey next asked: "Compared with most people of your religious beliefs, would you say that most (Catholics, Protestants, Jews) are about the same, better, or not as good in living up to their religion?"

On this point, Catholics have special reason to rejoice at the high opinion in which they are held by their Protestant and Jewish fellow Americans.

Catholics as viewed by Protestants and Jews. More than one third, or 37%, of the Protestants to whom this question was put replied that Catholics are better at living up

to their religion than Protestants are. A mere 7% thought that Catholics are not so good in this respect as Protestants, and 47% thought that Catholics are just as good as Protestants in practicing their religion. Some 9% could not answer the question definitely. The Jews were very nearly as laudatory, with 23% of them saying that Catholics are better than Jews at living up to their religion, and 64% of them answering that Catholics are just as good as Jews in this respect. A scant 2% thought that Jews are better than Catholics in practicing what they believe, and 11% of the Jews could not make up their minds on the point.

Those Catholics who may be tempted to be ashamed of practicing their religion openly should be reassured by this heartening evidence that their fellow Americans respect them all the more for living up to their religion. Though there are no statistics from other days to prove it, there is strong evidence that Americans have come a long way from the days when to be a Catholic was to bear a stigma.

Jews as viewed by Protestants and Catholics. Jews also commanded much respect on the part of Protestants for living up to their religion. Some 13% of the Protestants thought that Jews are better at practicing what they believe right than most Protestants, and 62% of the Protestants thought Jews just as good as Protestants in this respect. Only 5% of the Protestants thought Jews not so good at living up to their religion as Protestants are, and 20% of the Protestants refused to commit themselves one way or the other.

Catholics were also very much disposed to respect Jews for living up to their religion. Some 70% of them felt that Jews are just as good as Catholics at practicing what they believe, and 6% went so far as to regard Jews as better than most Catholics in this respect. Only 9% of the Catholics thought that Jews do not live up to their religion as well as Catholics, and 15% were unable to make up their minds.

Protestants as viewed by Jews and Catholics. Jews showed a high respect for Protestants for living up to their religion. Some 78% of the Jews said that Protestants are just as good as most Jews in this, and 2% thought they were better, making an impressive total of 80% of the Jews who think Protestants are as good or better than Jews are at living up to their religion. Only 3% of the Jews thought Protestants not as good in this respect,

and 17% of the Jews could not decide.

Catholics were definitely less inclined to think that Protestants live up to their religion as well as most Catholics. Yet 66%, considerably more than half, were of this opinion, and 2% thought that Protestants are actually better than most Catholics at practicing what they believe. However, 24% of the 23.7 million American Catholics thought that Protestants are not so good as Catholics in living up to their religion, and 8% could not decide.

Does this mean that Catholics are less tolerant of Protestants than Jews, or that Catholics show less respect for Protestants than Protestants show for Catholics? Not necessarily, if you examine the way in which the question is put. After all, it is well known that Catholics take great pride in the wealth of evidence that most Catholics do try to live up to their religion. The great number of large Catholic families, the traffic jams that are commonplace around Catholic churches every Sunday, the vitality of the Catholic press, and the tradition of fish on Friday that is rapidly becoming a widely-accepted part of the American scene, all speak eloquently of the devotion with which most Catholics practice their religion.

The CATHOLIC DIGEST survey next asked: "Compared with most people of your religious beliefs, would you say that most (Catho-

lics, Protestants, Jews) are about the same, better, or not as good in treating their families right?"

All three of the great religious groups in America stress the family as the cornerstone of civilized living. All three regard a wedding as a religious function. All three acknowledge the partnership of God in any marriage. Therefore, the question of how people treat their families touches very closely the question of how well people live up to their religion.

Protestants as viewed by Catholics and Jews. Catholics showed an exceptionally high regard for Protestants on this question, with 89% of the Catholics saying that Protestants treat their families just as well as Catholics, and 2% saying that Protestants treat them even better, or a total of 91% of the Catholics holding that Protestants make fine families. A negligible 3% thought that Protestants do not treat their families as well as Catholics, and 6% didn't know. That leaves at least 20,937,000 Catholics who think that Protestants treat their families as well or better than Catholics do.

Some 82% of the 3.5 million American Jews think that Protestants treat their families right just as often as Jews do, and 2% of them think Protestants are even better in this respect. A total of 84% of American Jews therefore respect Protestants for their attitude toward the family. Some 7% of the

Jews (a higher percentage than Catholics, yet not a startling figure) think Protestants do not treat their families as well as most Jews do, and 9% of the Jews are undecided.

Catholics as viewed by Protestants and Jews. Protestants were not quite so warmly enthusiastic about the behavior of most Catholics toward their families as Catholics were about Protestants in this respect. Yet 79% of the 71.1 million American Protestants thought Catholics treated their families just as well as Protestants, and 3% thought they treated them better. That makes a total of 82%, or 58,302,000, Protestants who think that Catholics treat their families properly. Only 4% of the Protestants thought that Catholics do *not* treat their own families as well as Protestants treat theirs, and 14% were undecided.

When the question was put to adult American Jews, 81% thought that Catholics treat their families right just as often as most Jews do, yet none of the Jews were ready to concede that Catholics treat their families any better. Some 9% thought that Catholics were not so good in this respect, and 10% of the Jews could not decide.

Jews as viewed by Protestants and Catholics. Protestants showed a great unwillingness to decide whether Jews treat their families as well as most Protestants do, with 23% answering that they were unable to make up their

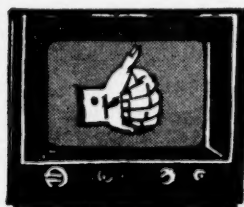
minds on this point. This is by far the highest percentage of indecision for any group on this question.

Possibly many Protestants feel that the patriarchal family tradition of the Jews can have both good and bad aspects. Nevertheless, 62% of the Protestants thought that Jews treat their families as well as most Protestants treat theirs, and 13% thought that Jews are even better than Protestants on this point. Only 2% of the Protestants felt that Jews are not as good as Protestants at treating their families right.

Catholics were much less undecided than Protestants on the question, with only 13% saying they didn't know whether Jews or Cath-

olics are better at treating their families well. Some 74% of the Catholics thought that Jews are just as good as Catholics in this matter, and 10% thought they were even better, a total of 84%. Only 3% of the Catholics thought that Catholics treat their families better than Jews treat theirs.

Taken together, the answers to the three basic questions add up to a truly heartening picture of religious toleration in America. All three of the great religious groups in America showed a remarkable degree of respect for each other on all three questions. Yet of all the questions so far reported in the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey of American opinion, few come closer to the



The Golden Dozen



You are the judge of television. What you like is what producers will produce, what sponsors will sponsor. They want to know what you like. Public preference for a show is an order for it to continue.

You are like the audience in the Roman amphitheater in pagan times. A gladiator would live if the people held their thumbs up. So will a television show.

For your ballot, please turn this page.

heart of the fundamental question: How do Catholics, Protestants, and Jews get along together?

The small degree of tension disclosed by the survey has been chiefly economic and political, not ideological. Catholics, Protestants and Jews are much more likely to come into conflict over questions like:

Who is to pay for education? Who is to wield political power? than they are to quarrel over personal relationships. In casual, every-day living, Catholics, Protestants, and Jews display the common admiration and respect men of good will have shown each other since the dawn of civilization.

The Golden Dozen

The first month's ballots by readers of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST show these as the nation's twelve best television shows.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Life Is Worth Living | 7. Our Miss Brooks |
| 2. I Love Lucy | 8. I Remember Mama |
| 3. Toast of the Town | 9. Jackie Gleason |
| 4. Dragnet | 10. Studio One |
| 5. Godfrey and His Friends | 11. You Bet Your Life |
| 6. What's My Line? | 12. Liberace |

Thumbs up on which shows? Simply indicate in the column below (or use a post card) the television shows you like. Mail your vote to THE GOLDEN DOZEN editor, CATHOLIC DIGEST, 41 E. 8th St., St. Paul 2, Minn.

Each month THE CATHOLIC DIGEST will report the vote of you, the readers. We will report the standing of the first 12 shows—*The Golden Dozen*.

Perhaps you only really like one, or two or three shows. Then vote for only those, and leave the other spaces blank.

It's very important that you vote, because television is here to stay and we ought to help it improve. You will if you vote.

These are the television shows I like:

- | | |
|----------|-----------|
| 1. _____ | 7. _____ |
| 2. _____ | 8. _____ |
| 3. _____ | 9. _____ |
| 4. _____ | 10. _____ |
| 5. _____ | 11. _____ |
| 6. _____ | 12. _____ |



MORE THAN 85,000 new subscribers will welcome this January issue. At its present rate of growth, the circulation will reach a million before the end of 1954. Even now, with five persons reading each copy, more than 4 million people enjoy **THE CATHOLIC DIGEST**.

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